THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Revival of Christian Economics 1
Week by Week 2
Catholic Converts 5
Voices in the Desert.....Selden Peabody Delany 7
Bird (*verse*) .....Frances M. Frost 9
A Centenary of Sermons.....Daniel M. O'Connell 10
Science Becomes Submissive...Adolph Dominic Frenay 12
Progress in Japan .....Johannes Laures 13
Ten Immortal Tunes.....Frances Boardman 15
The Play and Screen.....Richard Dana Skinner 16
Communications 17
Books.....Cuthbert Wright, Katherine Brégy, Dorothy Butler, Michael Earls, Ella Frances Lynch 22

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THE REVIVAL OF CHRISTIAN ECONOMICS

PILGRIMS from fifty nations will participate in the celebration this month in Rome of the fortieth anniversary of the promulgation of the encyclical on the condition of the working classes, the famous "Rerum Novarum," of Pope Leo XIII. Whether the reigning Pontiff, Pius XI, will signalize the occasion by a special message is not known, but the fact that he has called the children of the Church from all the world to gather at the center of Christendom is in itself a striking proof of his sense of the importance of the event. Would that we might be able to say that fifty nations, not merely humble pilgrims from such nations, were to be represented at Rome, there to confess that the teachings given by Leo were disregarded, and, hence, that the neglect of them is the main cause of the calamities now pressing so heavily on the world; and to follow up that confession by repentance and reformation. For it would be more radical—in the true sense of that word—it would be going to the root of the matter, to hold an international conference to deal with the moral and ethical causes of the world's crisis, and the moral and ethical remedies, than to hold international conferences on tariffs, and trade treaties, and currency reform. But when the Catholic world itself has been so slow, and diffident, and hesitant, to apply the Christian principles of economics and sociology proclaimed forty years ago by Leo XIII, it is not to be wondered at that the rest of society should have been so little affected by them.

Nobody can speak with greater authority on this point than Dr. John A. Ryan, who for many years has been the outstanding teacher of Christian ethics as applied to social problems in this country. In a notable article published in *America* (for April 25), as one of a series of important papers issued in connection with the fortieth anniversary of "Rerum Novarum," after summing up the main results of the great encyclical, he says: "Undoubtedly, the effects of the encyclical have not been all that might reasonably have been expected. Had the injunction laid upon the clergy and laity in the concluding paragraphs of the document been heeded to a degree that was easily possible, we should have in the world today a greater measure of social justice, deeper and more general friendship for the Church on the part of those without, and fewer defections from the Catholic body. In general, the use made of the encyclical has been too timid, too general, too greatly lacking in courageous and pertinent application to contemporary conditions."

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The same complaint is voiced by another Catholic economist, Professor John Busteed, writing on "Rerum Novarum," in the March number of the Dublin quarterly review, *Studies*. "There is probably no country in the world," he says, "where the ordinary layman is so well grounded in Catholic teaching as Ireland. Nevertheless, ignoring ordinary trade unionists, if I were to ask the average Catholic university professor (I will leave it at professors, though I should like to poke in a different direction), 'What are the fundamental principles set forth by Pope Leo and held by all the leading Catholic philosophers through the ages?' it is a hundred to one that he would have to say, 'Ask me another.' How many of the 150 legislators in Dáil Eirann have ever read the encyclical in question (setting forth, remember, fundamental and unchanging economic doctrine for Catholics)? If there are four or five, I would be surprised."

The same thing is true, in varying degrees, in other countries—in England, particularly, where the brilliant work of such writers as Devas, Belloc, Plater, Chesterton, Somerville, Martindale and others, and of the Catholic Social Guild, has failed to arouse the conscience of the Catholic capitalists, or the general interest of the main body of Catholics. France has the same story to tell, and so has Spain. Some time ago a Catholic newspaper in Madrid, Royalist as well as Catholic, published a series of articles proving that great masses of Catholic workmen and farm laborers were being badly underpaid, and were having their faith undermined by the systematic teachings of Socialist agitators. The articles led to no reform. The paper was roundly abused, and its facts denied, by the very persons who should have paid heed to it—who possibly may be thinking differently now that the revolution, which reform would have made impossible, has actually occurred. Professor Busteed acidly yet truthfully remarks that so long as Catholics ignore their own religious principles in their economic discussions—and in the conduct of their own business affairs—they are, in such matters, not Catholics at all, but materialists. "For all our waving of papal flags," he says, "we insist on discussing our economic problems on a purely agnostic platform. I am not sneering at agnostics. I know several for whom I have great respect. But a Catholic who insists on forgetting Catholicity when it comes to economic questions is either a rogue or an ignoramus."

If, however, we quote Dr. Ryan to show how seriously the Catholic world has failed to use the teachings of the Church, as focused in the "Rerum Novarum," it is not only fair, it is enheartening to remember that this greatest American authority on this supremely important subject also declares that "the Catholic attitude toward and use of the encyclical has improved mightily in the last decade," and expresses "the confident hope that the world-wide pilgrimage to Rome this May will intensify and greatly accelerate this program." How the Catholic clergy may lead this program will be explained in the next number of THE COMMONWEAL by Right Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, D.D., Bishop of Great Falls, the associate chairman of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. His paper will give the text of his address at the Denver Industrial Conference held on April 20. The practical measures proposed by Bishop O'Hara are based not merely upon abstract principles but upon many years of experience as a priest. The laity will respond to the leadership of the clergy, in this matter, we believe, in the same proportion as the clergy propose practicable and concrete measures to realize the social mission of the Church.

WEEK BY WEEK

Birth Control Publicity

WHETHER the special Commission on Marriage, Divorce and Remarriage of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, which has unanimously approved birth control, really speaks the mind of its denomination, as represented by its official leaders, or correctly voices the opinion of the majority of the membership of that church, cannot be determined for at least two years. Its report will be submitted to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, which convenes in Pittsburgh on May 28. The General Assembly will then consider the recommendation made to it by the commission, that it appoint a committee of not less than fifteen ministers and ruling elders "to study and report to the next General Assembly" on the wisdom of asking the 296 presbyteries of the country for a vote on inserting into the Confession of Faith its birth control recommendation and other recommendations concerning marriage. If such a special committee is appointed, it cannot report until May, 1932, and the official report of the vote of the presbyteries could not be made until May, 1933. Naturally, it might occur to many minds to ask: "Why, then, the publication of the report of the commission so early in the day?" Probably, the true answer would be: "For the sake of its publicity value." Birth control propagandists are zealous. They have the successful technical methods of all propagandists. They know how to capture places on committees, and how to capitalize committee reports, in the hope that such publicity will educate the public in the direction desired by the propagandists.

SUCH was the method adopted by the committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ. How far such a method will be ultimately successful in molding and standardizing the official position of the separate Protestant denominations remains to be seen. Meanwhile, every small group, or committee, or even any individual who speaks in favor of birth control, is assured of plenty of space in the press. A correspondent of the *Christian Century*, of Chicago, quoting Goethe's statement in favor of indissoluble marriage, remarks: "It is a curious thing that Christians of non-

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Roman communions are obliged to turn today to agnostic moralists like Goethe and Professor Babbitt or to the Pope's encyclicals for sound teaching on this question. Protestants used to believe in the doctrines of the Apostle's Creed; now they believe in birth control and prohibition." That all the Protestant churches, however, are not accepting the views of the Federal Council is increasingly evident. Thus, Bishop W. N. Ainsworth, president of the College of Bishops, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has protested vigorously against the action of the Federal Council. "Such officious invasion of the sacred realm of the home," says Bishop Ainsworth, "is dangerous in the extreme and in the end will promote more promiscuous sex relations. It is blasting at the foundations of the home, which is the bulwark of civilization and society, whether it is so intended or not."

Responsible Government

ONE OF the most reassuring gestures of Anglo-American amity, we believe, was the recent seconding by the government of Great Britain of Secretary Stimson's new policy in Central America. One group that expressed alarm over the new policy on the grounds that it would jeopardize the Monroe Doctrine, and amount practically to an invitation to foreign powers to land their troops in this hemisphere for the protection of their nationals, was answered effectively by the announcement of British policy which was reported in the New York *Times* as follows: "No naval or military protective expedition whatever is contemplated by Great Britain. The British chargé d'affaires in Nicaragua has been asked to tell British citizens that if they fail to observe due caution, it will be at their own risk. . . . If they use good sense and do not needlessly expose themselves to danger they will have ample protection from the National Guard of the country." With minor qualifications as to the manner and time in which the anouncement by Secretary Stimson was made, we feel that this all reflects a gain for responsible and humane government. Putting the responsibility for order on the Nicaraguan National Guard, is putting it, we believe, where it belongs, and should stay.

Wickersham Commission

NO DOUBT the recommendation of the Wickersham Committee for a uniform system of crime statistics in the United States, is practical and valuable. Such data—like the consolidated accounts that go to the heads of great industrial enterprises and give them not only a comprehensiveness of view of the progress being made, but also trustworthiness in detail which permits sound comparisons, and sound executive conclusions—are obviously necessary for orderly government. And if there is one thing possibly more than another that is needed at present it is order in government. This phase of the work of the commission, will be followed by its recommendations for the improvement of our legal procedures and methods of dealing with crime. The admission that the data the commission has at present to go on, are various and uncertain, should not weaken its conclusions, but should strengthen them. It is a symbol of facing the facts and of intellectual honesty, which may help to correct the suspicion the commission has been laboring under since the issuance of its ambiguous first report.

A BEGINNING on putting the records in order, will be slow and tedious work, without any of the sensational kind of news value that would spring from paraphrasing anew what we all know—that crime is with us, that it is on the increase, that it is creeping into the official machinery for law enforcement and overloading the courts to the point where they are imperiled with breakdown. The commission missed its opportunity of achieving legitimate and lasting fame when it permitted itself to go on record with conclusions opposed to its individually expressed convictions, and the evidence, on prohibition. This one law that annually deprives the government of $882,000,000 in revenue and instead leaves this amount in the war chest of lawbreakers, plus an estimated $2,848,000,000 actually paid to bootleggers for liquor by the citizenry, was the commission's great opportunity. But because it missed its great opportunity, we must not be prejudiced against its seizing on lesser opportunities and wrestling fairly and decisively with them.

Science and Prudence

THERE probably never was a time when dangerous quackery prevailed so much as it does today, in spite of the supposed enlightenment of the age, and of the progress of science. Therefore, when so distinguished a physician as Dr. Morris Fishbein exposes medical charlatans and fake remedies and misleading "healers," he is doing a highly valuable public service, deserving not only of praise but of gratitude. But when he lumps the cures made at Lourdes together with the cures made by charlatans who use the power of suggestion, as he does in an editorial in the April number of *Hygeia,* a journal published by the American Medical Association, of which he is the editor, Dr. Fishbein, in this instance, proves himself to be anything but scientific, for he ignores the testimony given by scores of physicians of the highest repute to the fact that many of the cures at Lourdes cannot possibly be explained by suggestion. Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, winner of the Nordhoff-Jung cancer prize for 1930, for example, is such a witness to the inexplicable character of some of the Lourdes cures. In a letter to Dom Francis Izard, recently quoted by the latter in the London *Tablet,* Dr. Carrel says: "Certain facts observed at Lourdes cannot be accounted for by any of the known laws of wound healing and tissue regeneration. In the course of a miraculous cure, the rate of tissue regeneration greatly exceeds that which has ever been observed in

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the healing of a wound under optimum conditions." Such a case, the instantaneous cure of tuberculous disease of both kidneys, was observed at Lourdes in September, 1929, the person cured being Mlle. Marguerite Adam, a Belgian. After waiting a year, this case was declared inexplicable by the medical bureau at Lourdes. Dr. Carrel was present during the discussion and signed the "dossier."

THERE are literally scores of such cases. Dr. Fishbein, as editor of a journal published by the American Medical Association, should be better acquainted with the facts concerning Lourdes before committing himself and, by inference, the American Medical Association, to such an ill-informed statement as that contained in the editorial in *Hygeia.* Scientists, as the London *Tablet* remarks, are entitled to say that they expect somebody, some day, to explain the Lourdes cures somehow, without going outside of what we call the natural course of things. But they are not entitled to say that the Catholic explanation is untenable. Still less are they entitled to class them with the hocus-pocus of such "suggestionists" as Alexander Dowie and Coué, as Dr. Fishbein does. Scientists should make a virtue of prudence, as religion does. Especially those who write for the press.

Fumes of Bigotry

THE CONTROVERSY between Senator Fess, of the Republican National Committee, and Executive Chairman Shouse, of the Democratic National Committee, as to whether or not Mr. Shouse accused the Republican Committee of utilizing religious prejudice—in plain English, anti-Catholicism—in its political operations, is only interesting in so far as it reveals, in a fashion which makes something that newspapers will print, what everybody knows to be the case, namely, that the fires which blazed so fiercely in the 1928 campaign are still smoldering and releasing noxious fumes. Further proof of that dismal fact is afforded by a recent article sent out to all the newspapers by the ever-active press bureau of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which, according to the New York *Times,* has raised the religious issue in a bitter attack on Chairman John J. Raskob of the Democratic National Committee. Mr. Raskob, of course, is a wet as well as a Catholic, but in attacking him, and calling upon voters to oppose any party or candidate who does not satisfy the peculiar requirements demanded by the drys, the Methodist organization appeals directly to the Protestantism of the electorate, as the following quotation from the article in question will demonstrate:

"THERE need be no misapprehension; the abuse and persecution to which the Protestant churches have been subjected since 1928 will not deter them from their duty in 1932. The most honest and intelligent farmers of the plains and plantations, the sober and patriotic business and professional men of the small cities, who lead their families to the little Methodist and Presbyterian and Baptist and other Protestant churches on Sunday morning, know that their intelligence and their character and their courage have been brought into question, that the heritage of their children as Americans is in danger, that their right to participate effectively in government is at issue. They will vote for the Democratic party, for the Republican party or for some other party in 1932 which gives evidence of holding their opinions in respect, which believes in majority, not minority, rule in party affairs. Their fathers fought and bled for the good of this country before Mr. Raskob's forebears knew anything of it." If Mr. Raskob were not a Catholic, no doubt he would be condemned by the Methodist organization because of his wet position—but in that case, there could not be this incitement to Protestant emotionalism. The New York *Times* is justified in saying that such a statement is the raising of a religious issue, and it is bad news indeed. The next presidential campaign will be so important, it comes at such a critical time, that the beclouding of real issues by the fumes of religious feeling is greatly to be deplored. Poison gas should be illegitimate in politics as well as in war.

Bread and Roses

SAINT ELIZABETH will be remembered in this centennial year with no little enthusiasm. For several reasons, not the least of which is the impoverishment of great masses, veneration has been steadily increasing during the last decade. No doubt many thousands of pilgrims will visit the most famous shrines associated with her name—the Wartburg, Marburg in Hessia, and Pressburg in Hungary—during the coming summer. But we hope there will also be not a few who go to another place, which was once as illustrious a place of pilgrimage as Europe has ever known. Andechs is well worth visiting for its own sake. It can boast of one of the loveliest sites in Bavaria, its rococo basilica is a fine example of this style, and the Benedictines have reëstablished themselves there now. The fame of Andechs reposes, however, upon its extraordinary relics, which were so highly honored in bygone days that as many as 60,000 pilgrims used to come every week. Here was part of the crown of thorns which Saint Louis brought from the Holy Land, a Sacred Host consecrated by Pope Gregory the Great, and other mementoes to which historical science is now less kindly. Of particular importance are some objects associated with Saint Elizabeth, whose mother had been the Countess of Andechs. This great saint, after whom such vast throngs of women have been named, particularly invites meditation in the land where she lived. Only then can the nature of her achievement be made entirely clear, or the scope of the ideal of charity which burned like a fire within her be discerned.

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PROJECTS for bringing down our doctor's bills continue to be made, ranging from health insurance to the out-and-out socialization of the medical profession. The most promising is probably the organization of private units maintaining salaried physicians and owning their own hospitals. A variant of this plan was advocated by Dr. Haven Emerson in his recent speech before a conference arranged by the Union Health Center. Dr. Emerson speaks with the double authority of Professor of Public Health Administration at Columbia University and member of the national committee on the Costs of Medical Care. Certain that "the payment of doctors on the basis of private medicine cannot go on much longer," he discards the idea of the governmental control of the problem as impractical and inefficient, and promises from his committee within the year a plan of which the central feature shall be "the voluntary association of communities for self-service." If the committee can actually evolve (as Dr. Emerson foreshadows) a system of medical organization and budgeting which will make it possible to serve 20,000 people adequately for from $5.00 to $10.00 a person, their plan cannot come too soon. The "overhead" for medical attention now swells the individual's bill to grotesque disproportions.

Paying the Doctor

EVEN New Yorkers with an imperfect sympathy for cats (generally speaking, the most ineluctably unyielding sentiment that can visit the human breast) will surely resent the unmanly and gratuitous attack on the character of the city's felines launched by outlanders from Long Island. It seems to have happened like this: A gentleman from Suffolk County suggested that all cats be belled, to save the birds. A Brooklynite (a notable in the Izaak Walton League, which makes his entrance into the controversy wholly mysterious) replied that bullets would be even better than bells. The first gentleman opined that bullets might be suitable to the "catty cats" of New York and Brooklyn, but were out of place in dealing with the "nice cats" of Suffolk; these, when they must be destroyed, were destroyed humanely, as their high characters merited, with chloroform. Thereupon, officials of the S.P.C.A. and the Humane Society, who up to this time had taken no part in the conversation, came forward with heart-warming testimonials for the metropolitan tabby. They pointed out that, as her (or his) civilized environment keeps her (or him) from bird-killing, the result is a real diminution of "cattiness." As one of these defenders finely puts it: "A city cat is at great disadvantage when it attempts to stalk a bird. This is not true in Suffolk. There the disadvantage is the bird's." Quite. Justice is justice. If cats anywhere merit chloroform, it is the motor-harried, dejungled species living among us. Especially, as one of the champions adds honestly, those that carol on the fences at night.

About Cats

CATHOLIC CONVERTS

RECENTLY we spoke of the majestic instancy of the Church, its unperturbed pace, its continuity, where practically every other institution is torn with differences and change. In the midst of the storms of disturbed conditions sweeping the world, it is the one harborage of comparative calm. Of course in certain quarters, wild sowers of the whirlwind try to tear at the stable protective walls of the Church's edifice—some for the purpose of expropriating part of the material wealth that generations of devout men and women have brought to the adornment of the edifice, and some merely because the very sight of calm and certitude and stability excites hatred. Among the latter are many pseudo-intellectuals and pseudo-scientists who obtain for themselves an ephemeral notoriety by reason of the noise they make and the exaggerated novelty of what they say. Men and women who look longingly toward the harborage of the Faith as, in the words of Cardinal Newman, "a coming home," are of course, especially sensitive to the fulminations of the detractors of the Church, and in many cases, though their instincts warn them of injustice, they have few other sources of information. Where they have had the opportunity to hear not merely attacks, but some defense, some explanation, and to witness some positive expression of the Faith, they are at least reassured, and many happily do come home.

In the past year, 39,528 converts entered the Catholic Church in the United States, according to the latest report of "The Official Catholic Directory." In the year previous, 38,232 converts entered the Church, and the year prior to that, 36,376. Thus, it may be observed that there is not only a steady annual increase, but there is actually an increase each year over the preceding year. Some confusion on this point has existed in the secular and Protestant press, due to the total membership of the Church not giving an accurate reflection of the growth, when the total membership of one year is compared with the year preceding. This innaccuracy arises because, for obvious reasons, each diocese cannot conduct a census every year, and in the years between censuses the last known total membership is simply repeated. In most dioceses, however, a sereatim record of converts is kept, so that an accurate report of the numbers of these may be given from year to year. It is rather extraordinary to record in connection with the above that eight dioceses, including the largest ones of New York and Chicago, do not keep a consolidated record of converts. If the numbers of these were known and were added to the above annual totals (in which they are not now included) they would appreciably increase the impressiveness of the figures.

From Rome, meanwhile, we are in receipt of a correspondence from the Reverend Francis J. McGarrigle, S.J., which points to the very interesting intellectual quality of recent converts to the Catholic faith. This is said without false pride in intellectuality and

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with no intention of reflecting on the poor in spirit who, in the first beatitude are especially promised the kingdom of heaven, but simply to meet the ignorant assertion that the Faith appeals only to the ignorant. "In Rome there is the Beda College," writes our correspondent, "for Englishmen who wish to become priests at an age too advanced to be able to follow the long and exacting course of the ordinary ecclesiastical college. Amongst its students is perhaps the most successful one-time Anglican preacher of late years, Father Vernon Johnson. Comet-like he has drawn hundreds of Anglicans in his wake. His friend, the well-known Anglican minister, Ralph Underwood, is on the school bench again with him; others too, such as the former Anglican ministers: R. Vernon Glennie, who became a Catholic in January, 1930; Peter Harris, of St. Peter's Church, Vauxhall, and then prior in the Gold Coast mission; J. H. Simon, of Guernsey, a graduate of King's College, London; Noel Lidderdale, a Leeds University man, later in Lincoln Theological College; P. M. Clark, Cambridge man, head canon of Truro Cathedral; W. F. Harper, of Aberdeen University, officiating in the Scotch Episcopalian Church; A. Fyfe, likewise a Scot, minister in the Presbyterian Church, after his course in Glasgow University, at Derby and Hanley; B. Scott-James, who had spent eight or nine years in an Anglican religious community; Cyril Henslow of Cambridge University, ordained an Anglican minister in 1911, who subsequently served in a lepers' hospital, and was parish priest at Newport; J. C. Thomas, who did not complete his studies for the ministry before he perceived that he should complete them in the Beda. Such are some of the fifty companions at present of the Harvard graduate, former editor of the *American Church Monthly* and rector of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, whose conversion recently created such a sensation, Dr. Delany.

"Their present number gives an average of over three non-Catholic ministers who every year enter the Beda to study for the priesthood. Since the day when Newman became a Catholic in 1845, almost eight hundred Anglican ministers have ascended into Peter's boat, an average of almost ten a year. A more convincing testimony to the reasonableness of the Catholic faith and its consonance with the history of that Church which Jesus, the Nazarene, established, can hardly be imagined. These men are and have been for the most part university graduates. Almost invariably, in a material and human sense they had nothing to gain and everything to lose. They had often to give up comfortable incomes. If married, frequently the case, they could not continue ecclesiastical work, for which alone they had prepared themsleves. They very often moved in the highest social circles, esteemed and influential. With their conversion they sacrificed it all, a sacrifice not only for themselves but often for those whom they loved immeasurably more than self.

"Other recent arrivals from the non-Catholic clergy are: Francis C. Fenn of St. Bartholomew's Church, London; Daniel Octavius Davies of St. Mary's Church, Denbigshire, who won the military cross for gallantry during the war; Mr. Elbert W. Whippen, pastor of Christ Universalist Church at Middletown, New York, who is studying for the priesthood; Culver B. Alford, former rector of Calvary Episcopal Church in Cairo, New York, who intends to study for the priesthood in the American College in Rome; L. B. Holsapple, graduate of Yale and Oxford, Episcopalian minister in the United States; H. W. Cox, Anglican clergyman; and Theodore Penrose Fry, husband of the novelist, Sheila Kay-Smith, who also has become a Catholic.

"Amongst great ones of the earth who recently have decided to take their place amongst the little ones of the Kingdom of Christ are: the heir of the Earl of Craven, Viscount Uffington; Lady Perdita Asquith, whose mother, elder sister and brother, the Earl of Asquith and Oxford, are converts; Lady Eleanor Mith, elder daughter of the late Lord Birkenhead; Viscount Tiverton, son of the Earl of Halsbury; Alex Waugh, novelist; and in Boston, Mrs. J. Clarence Post, wife of Major Post, United States military attaché at London.

"In far parts of the world, we observe, in India, Mar Ivanios, the metropolitan of the Malabar non-Catholic rite and head of the Malbar non-Catholic monastery, has entered the obedience to Rome with another bishop and many of his people. They retain their whole rite and customs as before. In Norway, Catholics are largely converts and the converts are largely of the cultured classes. Amongst them is Sigrid Undset, to whom the Nobel Prize for literature was awarded, and Lars Eskeland, director of the Norwegian Popular University. The first Norwegian bishop since the Protestantizing of Norway 400 years ago, is a convert from Lutheranism, the Right Reverend Olaf Offerdahl. On the Levant coast of the Mediterranean the Syrians, whose rite is the parent of the Malabar rite, are flocking back to their venerable Mother Church: lately fifty families at Marmorita became Catholics, thirty families at Haret-el-Sarava, twenty-nine families at Kafra, fourteen families at Ammar, twelve at Jour-el-Afs and Machta-Azar."

In conclusion to this glance at the course of Catholic conversions throughout the world, it is interesting to reflect that on the very day of the publication of this issue of THE COMMONWEAL, the National Catholic Converts League will be holding its first meeting of the year in New York City. It will be addressed by the Reverend James A. Gillis, C.S.P., member of an order which has been distinguished for its work in making converts. The meeting will be presided over by the new president of the League, Mr. Robert S. Shriver, himself a convert, and at the reception following the address by Father Gillis, another convert, Mrs. Henry W. Taft, will be hostess. Quietly, with a most proper reticence and consideration, the extremely important work of welcoming and assisting those whose spirits hunger for the Faith, is carried on.

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VOICES IN THE DESERT

By SELDEN PEABODY DELANY

This month marks the anniversary of the famous encyclical by Pope Leo XIII on the condition of labor which may well be said to embrace the fundamental principles of the social program of Catholics everywhere. It is not for revolution but for social constructiveness. It is not for class warfare, but for understanding, and—above all—for justice! Dr. Delany here has reflected some of the recent utterances of prophetic Catholic leaders in Europe as reported in L'Osservatore Romano. THE COMMONWEAL *will in other issues present further articles on the Catholic social program.—The Editors.*

LEO XIII published his encyclical letter "Rerum Novarum," on the condition of the working classes, on May 15, 1891. He was forty years ahead of his time. As we read it today we are struck by its freshness and modernity. If the governments and ruling classes of Europe and America had only put his recommendations into practice, it is quite probable that the world would not be in its present plight. Even yet it may not be too late to give heed to his advice: "If society is to be healed now, in no other way can it be healed save by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions."

Catholic leaders and organizations in Europe are today proposing the same fundamental principles of the Gospel of Christ as the supreme remedy for the economic, industrial and political evils of the day. They are voices crying out in the desert places of this world. Every phase of human life—production, distribution, government, education, the family—in so far as it excludes God and refuses to coöperate with His beneficent designs, is necessarily a desert. These voices in the desert, like John the Baptist of old, are calling men to repentance, to prepare the way for Christ. Who knows whether the way is not now being prepared for one of the comings of the Son of Man in judgment, through some world catastrophe?

The Archbishop of Prague, Monsignor Francis Kordac, recently gave two interviews to Signor Luigi Huspec, representative of the International Association for Cinematographic Education, which have deservedly attracted widespread comment in the press, not only in Czechoslovakia, but in other countries as well. This eminent Catholic prelate spoke first of the use of the cinema in the work of Catholic propaganda. He pointed out that the Russian Bolshevists boasted of enormous success in their cinema propaganda. Their cinemas depicted human wretchedness so vividly that the spectator was persuaded that if he too was not to suffer, he must help ameliorate human conditions. Catholics should hasten to make amends for what they had lost by their neglect of the cinema. They should not limit its use to lives of the saints and conventional pious tales, but should use it to deal particularly with social questions.

From this theme the archbishop went on to more general considerations. He said:

> We are in an epoch of egotism and decadence. This widespread decadence is the effect of an immoral capitalism. There is an abundance of unproductive capital, accumulated by sweaters of labor, speculators, associations of banks and cartels. The capital which thus lies idle is the fruit of productive labor of hand and brain; but instead of being put to work in the service of progress, it becomes the chief cause of impoverishment and decadence. I have no preconceived objection to capital, but I should like to see capital fertilize labor. A just economic law is given to humanity on the first page of the Old Testament. "Be fruitful and multiply." Today however it is not order that governs the world, but chaos.
>
> Almost all human intelligence is today in the service of materialistic capital. Thus capital has become the master of all the inventions of the human mind—technical inventions, the new science of the air, new methods of labor. Therefore everything that should bring blessings to mankind has been transformed into an instrument of damnation. I am not an enemy of the machine; I know that it may be an aid to progress. But those workmen in London who smashed the first machine had a correct intuition that mechanical inventions would one day take the bread out of their mouths and plunge them into misery and despair. . . .
>
> Man possesses free will, intellect and reason, and he desires progress. But what is now called progress poisons the masses spiritually and morally. There is an obligation of the first order resting on lawmakers and the state to educate humanity to a reasonable democracy, and to elevate its spiritual and intellectual level. The public good ought to be the supreme aim of the state. . . .
>
> Thank God, there are still some capitalists who are cognizant of the needs of the workers; and make provision for these needs by profit-sharing, the construction of comfortable homes, baths, reading-rooms, and so forth. But what can these few isolated individuals avail against the general plague of materialism?
>
> We are now at a turning-point in history not unlike the time of the barbarian invasions, which destroyed the Graeco-Roman world. Then out of the sea of blood Christianity arose. Beneficent results often issue from horrible conflicts. The materials for such conflicts are supplied by human society whenever mutual antagonisms reach a culminating point. The Soviets have an intuition of this fact, and are therefore bending all their energies to provoke the catastrophe which to them seems inevitable.
>
> Woe to the nations and statesmen that do not foresee this catastrophe! Woe to those who foresee the danger, but do not give it sufficient thought! Our time is ripe for a world revolution. If the rulers and the capitalists do not accept the principles of Christianity and apply them to our present distress, the whole world will be devastated in a red sea of flame.

The archbishop refers to the "sweating" of labor as one of the chief evils from which the working people of

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Europe are suffering. He means the piece work at low remuneration, which compels people to work beyond their strength ten or twelve hours a day in order to earn a living wage.

In October, 1929, the Catholic Union of International Studies, through its commission of jurists, began an examination of forced labor in Europe. Its report was presented to the Fourteenth Conference of Labor at Geneva, and was adopted by that body on June 28, 1930. It contained the following declaration:

> The natural law, which imposes on every man the obligation to work, makes him individually and socially responsible for choosing the time, the duration, and the character of his work. Therefore we must regard as a violation of this natural law every sort of positive obligation, which—aside from certain urgent and exceptional needs—deprives him of this liberty; and constrains him under penalty to undertake any task which he may not take up or leave off of his own free will; most of all when he must labor beyond his strength or capacity.

In addition to declaring for the eight-hour day, the report asked for the organization of some sort of tribunal to which recourse might be had by labor, with a jurisdiction which would give the workers the double assurance of an impartial and competent examination of the cases brought before it, and a decision which would become law and settle the conflict. The report also called for the creation of a commission of experts, specializing in the problem of forced labor, which should be empowered to examine the reports which the governments, by virtue of Article 408 of the Treaty of Versailles, are required to send to Geneva, and to secure the enforcement of the agreement, which the conference had ratified, with reference to forced labor.

I may here add that, bad as conditions are in capitalist European countries in this matter of forced labor, they are far worse in Soviet Russia. Forced labor is rapidly taking the place of imprisonment as legal punishment for religious belief and political heresy. The Russian timber trade is now carried on by the slave labor of peasants, political prisoners and priests. In the timber camps in the north at least 150,000 of these unfortunate men are being forced to work under conditions far worse than anything known in modern times. Three of these prisoners recently escaped to a British port, by hiding among the timber on a ship they were helping to load. According to their story, published in the London *Times* of December 16, these prisoners have to work twelve hours a day with no rest days. Whether they are well or ill, they must fulfil a certain task; and if they cannot come up to the mark their meager ration of food is cut down accordingly. They suffer from hunger and thirst as well as the bitter cold; they have no adequate shoes or clothing, no laundry facilities, and no medical aid is available. Consequently the death rate is very high. If a prisoner tries to escape, he is instantly shot as a warning to others. Under these conditions timber can be produced very cheaply, and the other countries which buy it are making themselves accomplices in these inhuman practices.

The relation between the Catholic Church and a democratic state is a subject that was much discussed in America during the last presidential election. In November an address on the theme, "The Relations between Democracy and Catholic Doctrine," was given before the Catholic members of the People's University of Berlin, by Monsignor Christian Schreiber, who is the first Bishop of Berlin since the Reformation.

The bishop began by saying that the Church and the democratic state could no longer be considered one in the old sense, because their nature and function differed profoundly but this difference should no longer be interpreted as indicating open hostility, as was formerly the case. Only by misunderstanding the Divine character of the Church or exaggerating the idea of democracy, could hopeless antagonisms arise between them. The state in its democratic form, in so far as it functioned legally, had its bases in the social instinct infused by God into the human soul and in the fact that its authority was derived from God. The Church had its basis in the direct and immediate institution by Christ, and the commission to do a definite work. The supernatural character of the Church was no obstacle to legitimate human aspirations, and therefore was in no way opposed to the natural functions of the democratic state.

The Church did not condemn democracy. Pope Leo XIII had clearly declared in his Encyclical of November 1, 1885, that the state's right to command was not *per se* limited to any particular form of government, and that a country was free to choose that form of constitution most suited to the common good. By this ruling the Pope gave it as his opinion that Catholics were free to accept a democratic republic.

Having established these general criteria on the relations of the Church and the state, Monsignor Schreiber went on to examine, in the light of Catholic teaching, the various concrete forms of modern democracy, and the dangers that might ensue from certain exaggerations of the democratic idea:

> The democratic idea may be interpreted in an anti-Christian sense. There is always a danger that this may happen, but no necessity. For example, the conception of popular government expressed in the saying, "The power of the state comes from the people," may be interpreted as a denial of the Divine origin of the state's authority; but it may mean simply that to the people belong the choice of the persons who are to exercise the power and authority, the rights and duties which God has entrusted to the government.
>
> To give another example, the conception of the equality of all men in their life as citizens is not *per se* the same as the teaching of the Church that all men are equal as the sons of God.
>
> Again, the political rights of women are not condemned by the Church; indeed they may be defended, provided that the man remains the head of the family. On the other hand, the tendency of today to deduce from

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the democratic idea the privilege of free love or the right of the state to monopolize the education of children, is absolutely condemned by the Church.

In a modern democracy there is always the danger that on the axiom of popular sovereignty some may try to build up an absolutism of the numerical majority. A necessary protection against this danger is to be found in the restraint of the moral law, which obliges all to maintain justice and practise charity; and imposes on the government a heavy responsibility to its own conscience, to the world and to God. Other defenses against majority absolutism may yet be found in the extension of private jurisdictions, legal guarantees for the minority, proportional representation, the organic conception of social life, and above all in the propagation of religion and morality. . . .

The exaggeration of the democratic principle of equality diminishes the courage and initiative of the individual, and lowers the sense of personal responsibility. This danger of mechanical equalization may be counteracted by insisting upon the conceptions of the solidarity of society and the organic life of the nation. . . .

The democratic form of the state, more than any other form, demands of its citizens firmness of character and diversified ability. The rulers and representatives of the people should be, especially in a difficult time like the present, men of the highest conscientiousness and self-abnegation toward the people and the state. They should show morover that they are fully conscious of their duties, animated by an exemplary love of work and a disinterested sentiment of coöperation.

The religion of many modern people is nationalism. In the opinion of not a few Catholics, it is the most insidious heresy now confronting the Church. "The Relation between Nationalism and Catholicism" is a subject of prime importance in Germany, and it was this subject that His Eminence Cardinal Bertram of Breslau dealt with in his New Year's message to his diocese.

His Eminence declared that there was a legitimate nationalism, whose sentiments were justified so long as they did not offend against truth and charity. They ceased to be justified when their luster became dulled by an exaggerated egotism. Nationalism was defensible as long as it did not degenerate into idolatry of self, acknowledged the good qualities of other nations and races, and maintained respect for the traditional customs of its neighbors; above all, when it recognized God as the Creator and Distributor of all gifts and worked together with God in the advancement of various peoples and nations. A reasonable nationalism had a unifying and reconciling effect. Fanatical nationalism produced a reciprocal disdain and hatred between peoples, and led to the violation of supernatural laws which should unite all who were children of the same Church, brethren in Christ, heirs and makers of Christian civilization. This false nationalism weakened that sacred bond, sowed seeds of discord among the people —and that at a time of such need as past ages have never seen. The misery of our time made it imperative that we avoid everything that might imperil peace within a nation and between nations:

From a noble and righteous nationalism springs the consciousness that it is our duty to maintain a harmonious accord between parties, to trust the authorities, and to seek the reasonable paths. We must employ every means that will gradually lead to a better future a people that has been profoundly humiliated and impoverished. The consciousness of this duty ought to be the more intense, the blacker grows the moral and spiritual confusion toward which the innumerable multitude that has been drawn into error would lead us. We do not condemn all who have been so deceived. We know only too well that the discontent with actual political and economic conditions, and the rising catastrophe of unemployment in the leading industrial countries of the world, have made it possible for millions of our citizens to listen to the high-sounding phrases of those who proclaim that the existing order must be destroyed in order that we may construct a new and better order. . . . Widespread misery has provoked the masses to exacerbation and despair. Those who have the cure of souls are especially qualified to know the griefs and calamities that are breaking the hearts of millions of people of good-will.

It is comprehensible, therefore, if . . . the young, with their impetuosity, allow themselves to be easily persuaded by these agitators to revolt against the existing order. In view of this feverish discontent, it is our grave duty to remind everyone that "it is easy to destroy, but immensely difficult to reconstruct out of the ruins a new social order"

Beware then of false prophets, who use inflammatory words as their chief weapons. Stand united like a solid wall in defense of the sacred treasures which we have inherited. Keep alive your sense of responsibility. . . . Turn deaf ears to those who instigate to deeds of violence, but lack experience and wisdom, or self-abnegation needed to remedy the evils of the time.

Bird

The dawn came wan, the dawn grew gold,
The light poured downward in the early cold.
The cedars, dreaming against the sky,
Leaned over water; and the small cool cry
Of crystal groped for rock and sand,
While the sky dripped blue on lake and land.
The sun rose up, a flower of gold:
The hills were petaled, fold on fold,
With flame. And suddenly morning stirred—
Morning was shattered by a hidden bird!

The song blew east, the song blew west,
The song blew wild in the listening breast!
While morning woke to beauty and pain,
The song was a breath of silver rain,
A blossom of sun, and wings up-hurled
Over the known and lovely world!
The song was the pointed shadow of leaf
On the turning earth, and a hint of grief,
A shoulder of wind, and a star above
A dawn-dark hill, and an answer to love.

Silence came. The sun grew tall;
The dim woods watched the petals fall,
And wind went searching each hidden way
For a lost bird caught to the heart of day!

FRANCES M. FROST.

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A CENTENARY OF SERMONS

By DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

"THE OXFORD MOVEMENT represented a casting of the bread upon the waters," writes Algernon Cecil in his delectable book of essays, "A Dreamer in Christendom." The continuous conversions of prominent Episcopalians call to mind the influence, perennial, one hopes, of that heroic Oxford Movement. Perennial is a challenging word. In the case of Cardinal Newman it seems to be fully applicable. Surely one hundred years of vigorous life is an acid test for any author and the literary gold of Newman's earlier efforts, his Anglican sermons, is as genuine today as in 1830, when these were being first read in print. They are still an inspiration to their readers, whether preachers or writers or just ordinary folks interested in English literature. Here are to be found spiritual thought, soothing unction for the spirit, as well as literary excellence. Of course no preacher of today would slavishly imitate the most popular of Newman's Anglican discourses, the "Parochial and Plain Sermons," or quote from them at length, but *mutatis mutandis* they rank as exceptionally nourishing religious food for the hungering multitudes of 1931.

I am aware that personality is the soul of the spoken word and that in print a sermon or speech too often appears cold if not lifeless. Now of all well-known public speakers, Newman possessed a distinct pulpit individuality and personality. It was the very opposite of the *magna vox,* thunder and lightning, giant-like missionary type of forty or fifty years ago or the stagy Billy Sunday species of recent times. And yet Canon Kingsley spoke of Newman as "the most perfect orator." Matthew Arnold has given us a detailed pen-picture of Newman's preaching personality:

> Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thought which were religious music—subtle, sweet and mournful?

Such religious music to live does not depend solely on its author's personality.

The simplicity of oratory, found particularly in the "Parochial Sermons," has become the standard adopted by all prominent speakers of our day. Pope Pius X recalled the Church to the preaching simplicity of apostolic times; he urged priests to preach the catechism. Nowadays an audience, whether in church or in an auditorium or over the radio, desires facts, reasons; logic first, with the manner but second. Recently I heard a professor of public-speaking in a non-Catholic college declare that ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith was the ideal orator for the youth of today.

Newman happily summed up this spirit of his Anglican sermons in the title, "Parochial and Plain Sermons." His personality of a spiritual reformer and rising litterateur was undoubtedly a powerful motive in drawing his comparatively large Sunday afternoon congregation at St. Mary's. But had his printed words no other exceptionally appealing quality, they would long since have gone down into the oblivion labeled "out of print." At most, a few parts would be crystallized in some anthology of "Extracts from Great Preachers." But as the subterfuge of certain Oxford dons in advancing the Sunday evening repast to the time of Newman's preaching did not diminish the size of his audience, so today his sermons despite their hundredth year live on; they are read and studied; they can be bought in new printings—a rare centennial tribute to any author or to any book, certainly to any collection of sermons!

Their living appeal, I think, is due to: (1) their religious sympathy with the human heart; (2) their literary excellence; (3) Newman's personality. And this is the order of their appeal, though I say this as a personal privilege outside the arena of controversy. Newman knew the depths of the human heart. He spoke of its trials, its miseries, its Christian consolations. He spoke a language intelligible to man's spirit. Standing above his audience in the pulpit, he came down to them in simple yet elegant words, in every-day yet exquisite figures; he became one of his audience, as sorely tried as the weakest of them, needing consolation as the frailest of them. If he spoke in the idioms of the human heart, the thoughts he used were not his own, but Holy Scripture's, the thoughts of Jehovah from the Old Testament, the thought of the Incarnate Second Person of the Blessed Trinity from the New Testament. The man called Newman disappeared. He would be but the mouthpiece of Almighty God. Spiritually his lips would be cleansed of human pride through the burning coals of Christian humility. The pronoun "I" finds no strictly personal use in Newman's sermons. Few could have spoken or penned so personal an appeal in such an impersonal way as is found in the famous peroration of his last Anglican sermon.

May it not be then that the longevity of his St. Mary's sermons is to be found principally in that same virtue that vivified the work of the obscure religious, Thomas à Kempis, and that gave to the world its classic of asceticism, "The Imitation of Christ"? This is high praise, I know, for the sermons of a young Anglican preacher. To sustain the argument would require interminable reams of printed pages. An academic prowess but a scarcely appropriate centennial salute in these days of disarmament! So again I invoke my personal privilege.

An example or two of Newman's religious sympathy

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with the human heart will suffice either to jog the reader's memory or to urge him to the profitable perusal of the sermons. Of necessity there will also appear instances of what I mentioned above as the second force of Newman's appeal, viz., his literary power. The third force, Newman's personality in the St. Mary pulpit, will be granted by all students of the period.

"Home" strikes the truest note in the human heart. And yet we have difficulty in picturing the prototype of our heavenly "home." Newman attempts its part delineation in:

> . . . Here we are tossing upon the sea, and the wind is contrary. . . . But in the unseen world, where Christ has entered, all is peace. . . . "There is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain; for the former things are passed away." Nor any more sin; nor any more guilt; no more remorse; no more punishment; no more penitence; no more trial; no infirmity to depress us; no affection to mislead us; no passion to transport us; no prejudice to blind us; no sloth; no pride; no envy; no strife; but the light of God's countenance, and a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne. That is our home; here we are but on pilgrimage, and Christ is calling us home.

The above offers an interesting comparison with the simple but striking sentence in the "Apologia," where Newman records his peace of mind on entering the Catholic Church, his first spiritual "coming home": " . . . It was like coming into port after a rough sea."

Whether Matthew Arnold was spiritually benefited by the following somewhat similar passage is a mystery beyond human understanding. But there is no difficulty in understanding how it remained enshrined in his memory forty years after he had heard Newman read it.

> After the fever of life, after weariness and sickness, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white Throne of God, at length the Beatific Vision.

Sympathy in men is often alloyed with its correlative defect, laxity toward evil. Newman ever strove to be sympathetic. His cardinal's motto, "Cor ad cor loquitur," had been his life's desire. But he could use the scourge of sternness in rebuking the pride of intellectual malice or religious indifference in the temple of the soul. True, the certainty of faith, which came to him on entering the Catholic Church, was expressed in a corresponding vigor of terms. There is no lack of forcibleness, however, in his previous St. Mary's sermons, as can be judged from the titles which really summed up these sermons: "The Strictness of the Law of Christ," "Religious Cowardice," "Profession without Practice," "Moral Consequences of Single Sins," "Secret Faults," "Unreal Words," "The Danger of Accomplishments." The list could be prolonged and numerous excerpts offered in proof.

As a whole, though, Newman the preacher drew his Anglican audience and still appeals to men because of his sympathetic treatment of the spiritual "fierce fevers" which always burn in weak human souls.

He was an eminent, one might say uncanny, diagnostician of spiritual maladies. His explanation was not in technical, unintelligible medical terms but in plain words and phrases, in simple yet poetic figures, in plays of every-day imagination, in a remarkable use of evident analogy. All these were soothing and healing to the patient's fevered spirit. As a matter of fact, every sincere man is such a patient. But whatever instrument of words, of voice, of moral and physical personality, of professional skill, a preacher may use, his healing ability is ultimately in his union with God.

Newman the Anglican sincerely sought that abiding Spirit promised to those who keep His commandments. May we not believe that the following words written as an Anglican indicate Newman's true inner life?

> At times we seem to catch a glimpse of a Form Which we shall hereafter see face to face. We approach, and in spite of the darkness, our hands, or our head, or our brow, or our lips become, as it were, sensible of the contact of something more than earthly. We know not where we are, but we have been bathing in water, and a voice tells us that it is blood. Or we have a mark signed upon our foreheads, and it spoke of Calvary. Or we recollect a hand laid upon our heads, and surely it had the print of nails in it, and resembled His Who with a touch gave sight to the blind and raised the dead. Or we have been eating and drinking; and it was not a dream surely, that One fed us from His wounded side, and renewed our nature by the heavenly meat He gave."

It is not surprising then that Newman's St. Mary's sermons still appeal in their one-hundredth year. Born in an Anglican environment, they have been incorporated, with the exception of a few dogmatic sermons and passages, into the literature of Catholic asceticism at the same time that they have entered into the literature of the English language. Now for the bold question: Will they continue to live? The indications favor an affirmative reply. There is literal truth in the slang phrase, the first hundred years are the hardest. The reasons given above for the present vitality of these sermons will operate as long as man remains weak, sinful, spiritually sick. So long will he need (1) the spoken and printed word of religious sympathy with the human heart, (2) expressed in simple yet choice language, (3) by one who suffered in his own soul the trials that have made a trite phrase out of the too true one, "afflicted humanity." Possibly another reason, though adventitious, for the permanence of Newman's Anglican sermons is that they are a Catholic flower of attractive asceticism in the field of Anglicanism.

As a pedagog who would be practical, I place another question: Which is the better way to popularize the centenary of these sermons—by an anthology of excerpts or by a seminarian's edition of thirty or forty complete sermons, with an editor's notes? The publishers' prosaic question would be: Would either pay?

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SCIENCE BECOMES SUBMISSIVE

By ADOLPH DOMINIC FRENAY

SCIENCE is not unlike the human being. Science has life, and where there is life, there is youth, growth and development and self-assertion. Science is born of the noble desire of man to acquire knowledge and to search the depths of the unknown. Science, like man, grows and develops in childhood, to acquire maturity in manhood. Science, resembling man, aims to become useful and to accomplish deeds for the benefit of humanity.

The days of youth are filled with dream-like aspirations, with sins and rebellions against the dictates of wisdom. Youth disregards the advice of the experienced and of elders. Youth dreams of its own future greatness and builds air-castles with ease and delight. Youth knows all things better, far better than anyone else. It is hopeful, infinitely hopeful, and no difficulty can check the burning desires of a youthful heart. And this wild impetus of youth to assert itself, unguidedly, is a universal trait, found in the human being as well as in science. In its days of youth, science is as self-asserting as any youngster. Scarcely has a new department of human knowledge been established or a new method been discovered when, with all the impetuous energy of youth, this newcomer declares himself supreme and, in his boyish vanity, anathematizes all the wisdom of previous ages and disregards all the accomplishments of the other branches of science. Let us take one concrete case.

Scarcely had Darwin defined some few laws, when a new scientific revival set in. Evolution became the by-word of the day. Evolution became the "only" scientific standard of the age. And in the name of evolution, all other methods of human knowledge were denounced. Anathema was pronounced against the Scholastic method. And the theory, which originally was meant to explain "the survival of the fittest," was extended to all departments of human knowledge. Philology and history were enjoined, in the name of science, to remodel their attire. Philosophy and theology were invaded by the advocates of "the only scientific method." And even within the Church voices were heard complaining about the "old-fashioned belief." The flames which had spread over the entire world rekindling the life of science by the new method of evolution, aimed, too, to set on fire the house of God from within, but the gates of hell did not prevail against the ever sound, sane and truthful doctrines of the kingdom of God. The encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII on the renewal of the Scholastic studies "ad mentem Sancti Thomae" and the severe measures taken by Pope Pius X against modernism, disbanded the hopes of the "reformers."

Or let us turn to some child of the modern world. Let us refer to eugenics. Scarcely had the word been coined, when it was on everybody's lips. Eugenics had to renew and revive the whole human race. The legislators, physicians, teachers and writers were enjoined in the name of science to advance by eugenic methods the improving and perfecting of the human race. But, alas! Science then was young and in the meantime it has grown to manhood. And with the coming of manhood, there has set in a more mature thinking, a riper judgment, benefited by past experiences and errors. Man has learned to think matters over more calmly, less impulsively.

Let us illustrate the truth of this by one particular case taken from the field of ethnology. The savants, with infinite care and unending industry had been, for years, studying the life and customs of aboriginal races when, almost suddenly, an attack on Christianity was launched. Lord Avebury, who wrote under the pen-name of Sir John Lubbock, when addressing a meeting of scientists in London, came out with the assertion that there are races on earth absolutely devoid of any religion. This assertion is of far greater significance than one would at first believe. Lubbock's statement was an attack on the universality of religion. It really aimed to tear to pieces one of the proofs for the existence of God. Of course, there are, in theodicy, a goodly number of proofs for the existence of God. But the ethnological proof is one of the philosophical proofs for the existence of God. The full argument runs as follows: It is the unanimous belief of all the races of the world that there is a God. Now the consent of humanity in matters of primary importance cannot fail, otherwise humanity would be reduced to insanity. From the unanimous belief of mankind we conclude to the existence of a Supreme Being.

This ethnological proof had been accepted by the philosophers of all ages. It is found in every text-book on theodicy. Historically, it may be traced to the classical days of Greece and Rome. The quotation from Plutarch is well known. He had traveled extensively and consequently spoke from experience when he said: "In traveling over the earth you may find cities without ramparts, without science and arts, without kings, without palaces, without riches . . . but a people without God, without prayers, without religious oaths, without religious rites, without sacrifices, is nowhere found" ("Adv. Col. Epic."). Plutarch was not the only philosopher of the ancient world who knew the ethnological proof. The list of ancient writers who refer to the universality of religion, is long. Only one or two more may be quoted. Artemidorus cries out: "There is no nation without a god" ("Oneivoer," I, c. 8). And Maximus of Tyre tells us: "The Greek and the barbarian, the man from the mainland and the inhabitant of the islands, unanimously confess the existence of a

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God" ("Dissert.," I). I might prolong the list by quoting from Cicero, Homer, Xenophon, Plato and Seneca.

Now, this ethnological proof had stood firm throughout the ages, unchallenged, undisputed, till Lubbock launched his attack, declaring that he had found races without a God. He had collected the statements of writers and travelers who claimed that they were personally acquainted with such peoples.

In the days of Sir John Lubbock, in 1870, ethnology still showed some traces of youth. But since then, ethnology has become mature and has adopted stricter scientific methods. Besides this, ethnology nowadays possesses an amount of material undreamed of in the days of its youth.

The statement of Sir John Lubbock took like a firebrand. Ethnologists became interested in religion. They began to investigate the question, and it became more and more evident that the writers and travelers upon whose statements Sir John had based his conclusion, were unreliable. For these travelers either were not sufficiently acquainted with the language of the tribe, or remained too short a time with these people to acquire a full knowledge of their religious customs. It must be remembered that primitive peoples are mostly shy and anxious to hide their religious rites and beliefs from the eyes of strangers and foreigners.

Were ethnologists now simply satisfied, after they had checked up on Sir John's statement? No, certainly not. They went further. They searched the four corners of the globe in an endeavor to bring to light a people without religion. But all their pains were in vain. De la Saussaye states: "Religion is the specific and common property of all mankind" ("Manual of the Science of Religion," p. 14). Professor C. H. Toy, of Harvard University, says that "as far as our present knowledge goes, religion appears to be universal among men. There is no community of which we can say with certainty that it is without religion" ("Introduction to the History of Religion," pp. 5, 6). Gustav Roskoff comes to a similar conclusion: "Hitherto no primitive people has been discovered devoid of all traces of religion" ("Religions-wesen der rohesten Naturvolker"). Schilling, in his "Philosophy of Mythology," quotes the testimony of Azara, who says: "The savants of the last century traveled in quest of a race of atheists, which has not yet been discovered."

In support of these statements I could refer to the long list of authorities in the field of ethnology and give the names of Livingston, Andrew Lang, Max Müller, M. de Quatrefages, Tylor, Tiele, Radin, etc., but as space is limited I will conclude in the words of two outstanding ethnologists. Ratzel says: "Ethnography knows no race devoid of religion, but only differences in the degree to which religious ideas are developed" ("History of Mankind," I, 40). Peschel states, even more emphatically: "To the question, whether in any part of the world a nation has been found utterly destitute of religious emotions and ideas, we will venture to give a decided negative" ("Races of Man," 261).

The universality of religion is nowadays unanimously accepted by all students of ethnology, regardless of creed or personal religious conviction.

When the Greek and Roman philosophers pointed to the universality of religion, they had at their disposal only their own limited personal experience. The world of which they spoke was only the stretch of coastline along the Mediterranean waters. But they had not the faintest idea about the vast countries and numerous races south of the Sahara Desert or east of the Indus River or north of the Alps or west of the Atlantic Ocean. Their conclusions were at best rather risky guesses. But now, in the twentieth century, after the ends of the globe have been searched and no race been left in the dark, the matter is quite different. Now our scholars can speak with full knowledge, with undeniable authority, and their verdict is unanimous, as we have seen. The ethnological proof, hence, is not any longer, as it may have appeared in ancient times, an unsafe guess, but it is now, in the twentieth century, a scientifically established fact.

In its youth, ethnology rebelled against philosophical principles. But in its maturity, it is submissive, and helpful in strengthening the foundations of philosophy.

PROGRESS IN JAPAN

By JOHANNES LAURES

IN A RECENT article it has been pointed out that Catholic schools are the hope of the Church in the Land of the Rising Sun. Hence it is gratifying to note that at the present time a number of Catholic middle schools are being planned by various religious bodies. Thus far there are only three boys' middle schools and one commercial high school, whereas girls' high schools number no less than twenty-four. These figures do not comprise the many preparatory schools which most of these institutions are conducting. Owing to the educational system of the country it is practically impossible to have Catholic elementary schools except as preparatory courses for higher education. There are, however, twenty-two kindergartens, and there is good hope that their number will grow considerably in the near future. As was said in the previous article, the work of the Tokio Catholic University is of the greatest importance for the entire field of missionary activity not only in Japan but in the Far East in general.

In order to spread the knowledge of our holy faith also among students of non-Catholic institutions, Catholic students' clubs have been established at the various universities and high schools of Tokio. Fortunately there is a great interest in Catholicism among academic students, and in certain instances non-Catholic students have inaugurated these study groups for those interested in Catholicism. Some of these groups develop a very lively activity especially in cases where they are sponsored by some Catholic professor. The Catholic club of one particular university has led no less than six students into the bosom of the Church because a Catholic professor, aided by a Japanese priest, has devoted much of his time to the matter.

On November 30, 1930, the Catholic Students' League—a federation of the various Catholic students' clubs of the city of Tokio—held a grand centenary celebration in honor of Saint Augustine in the hall of one of the leading Tokio newspapers.

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The program was made up of topics that seemed to appeal to non-Catholics. Father Totsuka spoke on "The City of God on Earth" and drew the argument of his discourse from the writings of the great doctor of the Church. Professor Kotaro Tanaka of the Tokio Imperial University viewed subjectivism and objectivism from the Augustinian standpoint. Father Heuvers, S.J., showed how Saint Augustine considered church music a powerful help for drawing the hearts of men heavenward, and illustrated his lecture by singing some specimens of Gregorian chant. Father Iwashita gave the last talk, on "Augustine the Saint of Love." The students of the Catholic University, aided by some of their professors, sang a number of the most popular Christmas carols, so much appreciated by the Japanese people.

Some five hundred persons attended the lectures, among them a great many non-Catholics, especially non-Catholic students. The leading spirit of this celebration was a young student convert who not only had suggested the idea but also did a good deal of the preparatory work. The celebration had been made known by an extensive advertising campaign which was financed by voluntary contributions collected by the zealous members of the Catholic Students' League. On the evening of the same day, representatives of the various students' clubs had a social meeting and resolved to hold similar celebrations every year to make the Church better known among non-Catholics.

Father Iwashita, a Japanese priest, has been giving weekly lectures for university students on Christian philosophy and Catholic teaching, and the attendance of both male and female students has been considerable. Father Iwashita is greatly aided in his apostolic activity by his unusual personal qualities as well as by the fact that he belongs to a well-known family. He is also one of the editors of the Catholic monthly, *Koe* (Catholic Voice), which will be dealt with more fully below. Recently he was, moreover, charged with the administration of the Catholic lepers' asylum of Gotemba in place of Father Drouard who died on November 3.

Father Shibutani, a Japanese priest of the vicariate of Hiroshima, has been engaged during the past year in periodically giving lectures on Catholic topics in the various cities of the vicariate. The attendance was in the main very encouraging and in some instances extraordinary. After nearly every lecture he was interviewed by a number of people who wanted to hear more about Catholicism or even asked for catechetical instruction. Father Shibutani has found a very powerful helper in the person of a young Catholic professor who received baptism not long ago. While studying at the university this young man had asked a Catholic missionary, a French priest of the Missions Etrangères, to teach him his native tongue, and the kindness of this zealous priest made such an impression on the young student that he began to study Catholicism, and finally found the way into the Church. Being a student of natural science he was struck by the fact that so many great lights of this discipline were either stanch Catholics or, at all events, zealous adherents of Christ. This young scholar, who is full of apostolic zeal, is using the prestige of his doctorate in science and his own religious experience to lead as many as possible into the Church. The writer of this article attended one of his lectures where he spoke about the history of his conversion and called attention to the fact that famous scientists like Copernicus, Volta, Gauss, Pasteur and many others were stanch Catholics. There is no doubt that such a lecture delivered by a doctor in science will make a deep impression on the Japanese people, so much given to hero worship. This young professor is coöperating with Father Shibutani and they frequently lecture in succession.

The Italian Salesian Fathers who conduct the mission of Miyazaki, on the Islands of Kyûshû, are taking advantage of the Japanese appreciation of music to atract prospective candidates for baptism. They have given concerts in various cities of the country where they entertained very large audiences. Their success was particularly striking in the great city of Osaka.

It has been a cause of great joy for Japanese Catholics that during the past year two prominent Catholic scholars have received high honors. Dr. Hermann Grauert, a German physician of Yokohama, has had conferred on him the title of Professor of the Tokio Imperial University on account of his many contributions to medical science. Professor Grauert is not only a great scholar but a fervent Catholic as well. He is director of the Catholic Sanatorium of St. Teresa at Shichiragahawa near the famous city of Kamakura and is thus directly connected with missionary work, and in addition gives free medical treatment to poor Catholics and to all missionaries. On November 8, 1930, the well-known archaeologist, Father Emil Licent, S.J., director of the Museum of Science at the Catholic University of Tientsin, China, delivered a lecture at the Kioto Imperial University on his palaeolithic finds in northeastern China, and on November 15 at the Tokio Imperial University gave a lecture on his neolithic researches. Father Licent had been invited by Marquis Hosokawa, president of the Far Eastern Archaeological Society, to address the Japanese scholars and to communicate to them his epoch-making discoveries in the science of archaeology.

A report on Catholic activity in Japan cannot ignore the considerable progress of the Catholic press, particularly during the past year. The Catholic monthly, *Koe,* mentioned above has increased the number of its subscribers to more than three thousand. It is a popular family periodical and is edited by Father Lemoine, a French missionary, and Father Iwashita. Another monthly, *Katorikku* (The Catholic), for educated readers has also made great progress during the recent months. It has over nine hundred paying subscribers and, moreover, sends 400 free copies to the various universities, high schools and public libraries. According to trustworthy reports, these free copies are being used extensively and will help to no small degree in spreading Catholic ideas. Father Totsuka, who is editing this periodical, has also done much other Catholic literary work during the last few years. The Spanish Dominican Fathers of Shikoku are conducting another Catholic monthly, *Kohitsuji* (The Lamb of God), and the German Franciscans of Sapporo a weekly periodical, *Kômyo* (Bright Light). A Catholic layman recently started a children's monthly, *L'enfant,* so that all ages and grades of society are well taken care of. There exists also a weekly Catholic newspaper, originally the *Catholic Times,* recently renamed *Nippon Katorikku Simbun* (The Japanese Catholic Newspaper). The number of Catholic books is still small but has increased considerably during the last few years.

It seems that Catholicism is entering upon a new phase in the land of the mikado. The number of converts is still small compared with those in other missionary fields, but it is noteworthy that a great many Japanese converts are coming from the higher classes of society. The number of converts among students of Catholic schools is considerable and is increasing continually, and there can be no doubt that Japan will never become Catholic except by way of this slow but thorough missionary activity of Catholic schools. The fact that a fair number from among the upper classes of society find the way into the Church gives good hope that, as a result, the middle and lower classes will also be reached to a greater extent as time goes on.

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TEN IMMORTAL TUNES

By FRANCES BOARDMAN

FOR SOME time I had been meaning to trace the refrain of "Giovinezza," the official Fascist hymn, to what some faint associative memory told me was an extra-Italian source once familiar to me. Not that it really mattered; the tune itself is exceptionally undistinguished. But those unresolved remnants of recollection, however insignificant, are apt to nag the consciousness rather annoyingly until definitely disposed of, and so I did a bit of investigating in a volume of songs traditional in southeastern Europe, and there I found the theme in the chorus of a Dalmatian ditty, "Za Jedan Casak."

On a nearby page was the Bulgarian national anthem, or at least something that was so labeled; to me it looked suspiciously brief for a patriotic hymn from a part of the world where national feeling runs high, and time counts for little. So I turned, prompted once more by quite unimportant curiosity, to that old anthology compiled by John Philip Sousa while he was director of the Marine Band, the book being a collection of what were, in 1890, authentic "National, Patriotic and Typical Airs of All Lands," and there, sure enough, was the proper full-length version of "Maritza," the anthem in question.

Then, not because I was looking for it, but because A comes so close to B, I encountered the old hymn of Austria, "Gott Erhalte Franz den Kaiser," and was struck, as I am every time I see or hear it, with its fresh vigor and general rightness. Without a waste stroke, I reflected, without a circumlocution, did Papa Haydn sing his song, giving it a logic of both musical idea and musical form which seems as inexorable today, over one hundred years later, as it must have seemed to its composer.

So I fell to wondering whether there are very many melodies capable of standing starkly alone, without benefit of harmonic support, or beauty of interpretive medium, or emotional association, and still qualifying as immortal. Could I find ten, say, that any considerable number of people would agree upon as fulfilling that set of conditions? Now probably it is one of the ten greatest futilities to try to select the ten best anything—songs, books, plays, or what not. All the same, it persists in being a provocative form of entertainment, and one which need not be without some profit to the selector even if it makes scant impression upon the world at large. At all events, I found it diverting to apply my set of tests to each of several dozen melodies that came trooping to memory, each claiming high consideration for its intrinsic beauty—and to realize that, after all, not so many of them could qualify.

To pass judgment at all in such inconclusive matters implies the arbitrary adoption of some absolute standard, and such a standard in music is obviously impossible to erect with final dogmatic authority. For the only competent judges are those who feel it deeply as well as hear it, and to feel it deeply is automatically to acknowledge its inseparableness from the very texture of emotional experience. And yet there are certain general principles, notably those governing line and balance, whose observance or infraction are fairly clear of perception to almost any reasonably well-developed intelligence.

I felt small hesitation in deciding upon the first five of my list, and here they are: "Adeste Fideles"; the Hassler-Bach air sung to "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden"; the first theme of "The Dance of the Happy Spirits" from Gluck's "Orpheus"; the old Russian imperial anthem, "Lord God Protect the Czar"; and "Gott Erhalte." The next three came a bit more slowly and uncertainly, but finally settled down to the Grieg lullaby known in English as "Margarete's Cradle Song," the last eight measures of Hans Sachs's "Kein Regel wollte da passen" from "Die Meistersinger," and Warlamov's "Krasny Sarafan."

There were eight. The difficulty of fixing on two more lay chiefly in the embarrassment of available riches. Among powerful claimants for choice were: the old Swedish song, "O Värmeland"; the heavenly opening theme in the second movement of the Haydn 'cello concerto; Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges"; "Integer Vitae"; and the tune known as "Ewing," widely sung in Protestant churches to one of the hymns derived from the "Hora Novissima." I thought, too, of "The Minstrel Boy," and of one of the two traditional airs to the old French "Légende de Saint Nicolas"; nor could I dismiss without consideration the Brahms "Wiegenlied" and Schubert's "Der Lindenbaum." In fact, in any discussion of melody as such, it seems little short of insanity to exclude Schubert. Nearly every page of his presses forward with an obvious reason why it should be counted among the very first and best. And yet it is almost sacrilege to part his tunes from their harmonic implications. Perhaps, too, the fact that I could not embrace them all sent me wandering in other fields. I remembered some of the enchanting airs in Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" and Buttercup's song from "Pinafore," as well as Bo-Peep's from Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland," and so many other poignantly lovely things that a limit of ten times would have been too modest. However, I hardened my heart and made a reluctant choice of the Mendelssohn song and "Integer Vitae," and there were ten.

Looking at me as I write is an interesting likeness of that incomparable artist, Pablo Casals. I feel sure that if he were glancing over my shoulder he would especially approve the choice of Bach and Haydn, wondering, at the same time, how I could possibly ignore so many other treasures from their respective legacies; and I should be constrained to remember that his own matchless performances of Bach, without accompaniment, demonstrate completely the conditions under which I ask these melodic inspirations to hold their own.

But there is one point upon which at least a goodly proportion of the tunes I have chosen have proved their worth in a special manner. That is in the matter of durability under long, hard use. There is "Adeste Fideles," that magnificent monument to an utterly unknown genius. Each Christmas season finds it sung and played, millions of times, the world around. A very fractional number of such performances can lay claim to even the merest adequacy, let alone distinction. In many churches the tune is sung at all times of year to the hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," and here it suffers from distorted adaptation to ill-fitting words, just as it does in the English version of the Latin text from which its name derives. And yet what regal vitality it has! With what musical majesty it proclaims itself on each hearing! A nearly parallel test has found the Austrian hymn indestructible in the same sense, and the Russian one, too, although to a more limited extent than prevails with the two others.

It is very likely that, in a last analysis—if a last analysis of music ever were possible—I should find my several selections unquestionably biased by some sort of sentimental or emotional influence, even though the original impact has been long since forgotten. But making due allowance for that, I believe that these ten tunes might fairly stand as permanently beautiful specimens of what melody has come to be and to mean since the establishment of the diatonic scale as the standard source of constitutent material. I believe, too, that a little child, taught each one of them with sympathy and intelligence, would thereby acquire an all but impregnable base for the subsequent development of sound musical taste.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Brass Ankle

DUBOSE HEYWARD is not quite so happy in his choice of theme for "Brass Ankle" as he was in the case of "Porgy." "Porgy" combined, in unusual degree, the glamor of special material, local hue and humble knight-errantry with certain universals of love and hate understandable to all. "Brass Ankle" also deals with the problem of a special locality, a group of people so slightly tinged with Negro blood that they would pass for pure white under ordinary conditions, but who are none the less known to their neighbors as having a touch of the "tar brush" and therefore remain a group apart, disowned by both races. In the play, a woman descended from this unhappy group, but ignorant of her ancestry, marries a white man prominent in the affairs of a small Southern town. The tragedy which flows from this union is the theme of the play, and as presented is hardly one of universal significance.

Nothing is more elusive than the question of what does and what does not constitute a "universal" in the dramatic sense. In hundreds of plays, we watch situations develop which are beyond our own immediate experience, sometimes by virtue of a distant historic period, but more often through the mere circumstance that we have never had to face the exact problem presented by the play. Yet we often share the experiences of the characters as whole-heartedly as if our own lives held a counterpart for every instant they pass through. At other times —and watching "Brass Ankle" is one of those times—we readily grasp, mentally, the problem created, we even experience much of the anguish of the characters, yet, as a whole, the play never seems to reflect our own lives. It is always something remote, in the sense of a newspaper report of some distant event. It remains objective. We do not identify ourselves with any large part of its action or of its emotions. And in such cases, we say, perhaps unjustly, that the play does not deal in universals.

The clue to this curious distinction—a very important distinction, too, when it comes to the success of a play—can probably be found in the attitude we observe so frequently in children when playing make-believe. Watch any group of children, for example, planning to act out "Treasure Island." Certain characters are always the most popular ones, others are played only under protest. The well-liked characters are the ones the children are willing to be identified with, the others are merely foils in the plot. We all have deep-seated inhibitions which prevent our identifying ourselves readily with certain types of characters, whether as actors or as audience. These inhibitions differ widely, and are not dependent on barriers of age or sex. Many a dear old lady has probably identified herself at play after play with a pirate or a romantic scoundrel, just as a good many gruff old gentlemen have identified themselves with a winsome Cinderella. But unless, as part of an audience, you can identify yourself steadily with some one character in a play, and see the problem of the play through his or her eyes, you are almost certain to find the play leaving you emotionally untouched. In a play that "holds" you, you may never have had an actual experience similar to the important character, but you are willing to go through that experience vicariously because, for the moment, you have taken that character within yourself and made him or her a part of your emotional self. Characters or themes cease to be universal when, for some reason, the large mass of audiences will not give way to this feeling of identification.

"Brass Ankle," through what I feel is a serious fault in its dramatic treatment, raises a definite barrier against audience identification with either of the leading characters. There is nothing of this barrier inherent in the plot or in the theme. It is fairly obvious, of course, that the majority of people in a white audience would have difficulty in imagining themselves as discovering an unsuspected trace of Negro blood. It takes the creative mind of a poet to be able to share even the rarest of human experiences, and the average audience is not made up of fully developed poets! It would be very hard indeed to write the story of this play in such a way as to establish the emotional bond between a white audience and the character of Ruth Leamer. But the equivalent result might have been achieved through a different treatment of her husband. DuBose Heyward, being very much of a poet, has written the play as the tragedy of the wife, who, through a throw-back in nature, discovers the truth when the second child, a son, is born with distinct negroid traits. Heyward has exaggerated the bitterness of her tragedy—unnecessarily, I think—by making her young husband, Larry Leamer, very much of a coward and weakling. In spite of all the deep wisdom and the understanding counsel of the old family physician, Dr. Wainwright, Larry is unequal to facing reality. He cannot face the thought of his daughter growing up to repeat her mother's experience. He is not a character to win audience sympathy or identity. Had Mr. Heyward been willing to create him as a man of fine character, tortured and torn, still loving his wife, but faced with the insoluble problem of his little white-born daughter, this would have provided a channel through which the audience could have become an emotional part of the play, without in the least losing sight of the wife's tragedy. Curiously enough, hardly one major part of the plot would have to be sacrificed to effect this change, except, perhaps, the highly melodramatic final curtain scene. At present, this scene is merely a theatrical ending, without being in any sense a dramatic solution.

The play thoroughly deserves this much discussion—and more. In many respects it is a distinguished bit of play-writing. The plot is by no means novel. But, largely through the excellently drawn character of Dr. Wainwright, the story has the deep ring of authenticity. It goes deeper than plot to the vast implications of an unsolved racial problem, deeper than mere prejudice, too, since it touches things that have become part of the atavism of race. It scores many of its points with great economy and simplicity, and without too heavy a hand. It breaks down only in its failure to take account of the emotional limitations of an audience which will not, and perhaps cannot, cross the line between black and white, as Ruth Leamer is forced to do. With the husband wholly unsympathetic, this closes the one remaining channel through which the sense of identity might have been established.

Alice Brady uses a restraint and dignity in playing Ruth which give the character every possible advantage. This time, there is an edge of distinction in her work, as well as her usual marked ability, and the true proportion of tragedy. Her work is easily matched by that of Lester Lonergan as Dr. Wainwright. Mr. Lonergan has been absent from Broadway far too long. Ben Smith is not as happily cast as Larry—an admittedly difficult part as now written, but one which might capture a shred more of understanding and sympathy if played in a less juvenile

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key. Some good and unobstrusive comedy is contributed by Bert Swor as a local moonshiner. There is good and sensitive timing in Harold Winston's direction of the play. But neither acting nor direction can circumvent the two essential weaknesses of the play—its barrier to universal sympathy, and its failure to provide a living solution. When Ruth, in order to save her daughter's future, lies about herself and insists that her son's father was a Negro, Larry does what one would expect of a weakling. But neither murder nor death ever solves the problem for those who must live on. It merely ends the torture of the one who dies. This may make effective theatre, but is not the kind of tragedy that sings. (At the Masque Theatre.)

The Front Page—on the Screen

THIS rowdy, roaring melodramtic farce of Chicago journalism which scored so marked a box-office success as a play has found its way to the screen slightly washed up and disinfected and much the better for the treatment.

The obvious surprise to most of us is probably the ease with which Adolphe Menjou steps into the rôle created by Osgood Perkins, that of Burns, the managing editor. The immaculate Menjou of drawing-room comedy becomes, for this occasion, a thoroughly credible newspaper tyrant—which marks about as complete a transformation as if Charlie Chaplin were to impersonate His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. Menjou never quite achieves the granite hardness which Osgood Perkins, for all his Harvard traditions, established so neatly. But soap-stone has its uses as well as granite, and it is largely a matter of personal choice whether you prefer to see your unscrupulous Burns with or without a veneer of suavity. I am willing to take him either way, as a slight exaggeration of the newspaper man.

As for Pat O'Brien as the unhappy reporter, torn between his life-blood (meaning the scent of a good story) and his life problem (meaning his fiancée), no one could be better. O'Brien can be the softest hard man or the hardest soft man with equal ease—ease, in fact, being his outstanding quality as an actor. Mary Brian does her duty as the fiancée, and the rest of the cast, with the exception of the sheriff, whose low-comedy tactics quite spoil every scene he is in, give point and zest to all the famous character portraits of the press-room next to the death-house. The excellent photography, the pace of the acting, and the sharp tang of the dialogue all help to make this one of the best products of the slowly improving screen technique.

One point, however, which has probably been ignored in most of the discussions of this picture, deserves mention. The essential hard vulgarity of the dialogue has all been retained, but the totally unnecessary blasphemies which marred the stage production have been entirely cut out. With what result? The picture does not lose one iota of the "realism" of the play—of that fetish of modern producers for which they sacrifice all sense of taste and consideration.

I have remarked often in these pages that an essential hypocrisy underlies the continued blasphemous use of the name of Christ on the modern stage—in that even for realism, no manager yet permits the use of many old English words which are merely vulgar and nothing more. Beginning with the days of "What Price Glory!", many of the commonest "realistic" expressions have been carefully deleted, whereas every form of blasphemous phrasing has been permitted, and always on the hypocritical excuse of realism. If the screen version of "The Front Page" proves anything, it is simply this, that blasphemy plays no essential part in giving the roughest characters and situations all the flavor and vigor realism could possibly demand. (At the Rivoli Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

CAPUCHIN COLLEGE OF WRITERS AT ASSISI

Assisi, Italy.

TO the Editor: It is not often that Assisi can report events of more than local interest, but I believe that the following will prove interesting news for many, many friends that Saint Francis has in the United States of America.

On November 17 last the Minister General of the Capuchin Friars Minor inaugurated at Assisi, the birthplace of the Franciscan order, the Collegio di S. Lorenzo da Brindisi, to house a body of Capuchin scholars who are to devote themselves to research work in Franciscan—and more particularly in Capuchin—history and literature. As Father Cuthbert, O.M.Cap., in his recent book on "The Capuchins: A Contribution to the History of the Counter-Reformation" (New York: Longmans, Green and Company) has remarked, Capuchin history has yet to be written, nor can it be adequately written till the state archives and private and public libraries in Europe and America have been ransacked to give up the necessary documentary evidence. And as the same author further remarks, no other religious order has so neglected the writings of its greatest masters. The new college at Assisi is to remedy the neglect of the past by undertaking a vast work of research for historical documents and by reëditing long-forgotten works of Capuchin authors which are of real merit. At the same time the history and literature of the Franciscan order in general is not to be passed over.

The personnel of the college is to be drawn from the various provinces of the order, and will be mostly men trained at the universities. The president of the college is Father Cuthbert, who until his appointment to Assisi was for twenty years principal of the Franciscan House of Studies in the University of Oxford. Amongst his coworkers are Father Felix M. Kirsch, of the Capuchin College at the Catholic University, Washington, who has joined the staff for the period of one year; Father Amedée Teetaert, lately professor at Louvain University; Father Emidio D'Ascoli, of Bologna University; and Father Angelo Maria, of the Gregorian University, Rome. Four Capuchins, at present studying for research degrees at Louvain and Munich, will join the college in October. Further, the college will be assisted by provincial collaborators in various provinces of the order, who will not only contribute to the quarterly magazine published by the college, but will assist in the work of historical research and of editing the works of the Capuchin masters.

The first number of the quarterly magazine, *Collectanea Franciscana,* has already appeared (January, 1931) and gives some indication of the scholarly work which it is the aim of the college to accomplish. The annual subscription price is $3.00 and the address is Collegio S. Lorenzo dei Cappuccini, Via San Francesco, 23, Assisi, Italy. Of the three chief articles in the first issue, the first is a study of the Bonaventurian doctrine of the creation by Father Pius a Mondegranes; the second article, by the well-known Jesuit, Father Tacchi-Ventura (for the Capuchin College wisely does not exclude collaboration from non-Capuchin writers who are authoritative exponents of Franciscan history), gives an account of the part taken by Vittoria Colonna, the noble humanist writer, in the defense of the nascent Capuchin Reform; the third article, by Father Burckhardt Mathis, deals with the influence of the reformed Camaldolese in the legislation of the early Capuchins. Of the short articles, or "Notae" as they are called, one by Dr. A. Landgraf, lately professor at the Catholic University of America, gives a

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list of the writings of Father Eustachius, O.F.M.; another by Father Hildebrand d'Ooglede discusses an interesting personality of the seventeenth century; while a third by Father Chrysostom Schulte discusses the literary quality of the celebrated Capuchin writer, Father Martin of Cochem. All these articles are of a high literary quality such as modern critical scholarship demands.

A valuable feature for students of things Franciscan is the section under the caption, "Bibliographia Franciscana," in which no less than one hundred and thirty books and articles (published in 1929) are pithily and critically reviewed by Father Amedée Teetaert. This feature of the magazine will make *Collectanea Franciscana* almost a necessary adjunct to the bookshelf of any student who wishes to keep *au courant* of Franciscan literature. Finally there is the "Chronica Franciscana" devoted to an outline of Franciscan events of the present time.

A special feature of the College of S. Lorenzo is the Franciscan Museum. Begun some forty years ago by the Capuchins of Marseilles, it was later transferred to Rome, and finally to Assisi. The museum, which is now in charge of Father Exsuper of Marseilles, is rich in paintings, statues, and other articles illustrating the influence of Saint Francis and his followers upon the fine arts. It is a veritable treasure trove of Franciscan art. To quote the famous German art historian, Dr. Beda Kleinschmidt, O.F.M.: "No one can now write authoritatively on Franciscan art without making a study of the treasures housed in the Franciscan Museum of the Capuchin College of S. Lorenzo in Assisi."

While the college has thus proved a shrine of ancient art, it is even now being enriched by the work of a famous modern artist. Father Ephrem de Keynia, a Capuchin of the Belgian province, is at present engaged in painting an altar-piece for the chapel. Father Ephrem is known internationally for his work both in painting and sculpture. His best-known works are a series of paintings illustrating "The Little Flowers of Saint Francis," a set of engravings for the new Capuchin Breviary, and the national monuments to Cardial Mercier at the University of Louvain and in the cathedral at Malines.

Pope Pius XI, in a private audience granted to the Minister General of the Capuchin Friars Minor, has expressed his satisfaction at the foundation of the college and the work it proposes to accomplish, declaring that its labors will contribute not only to the honor of the Capuchin order, but also to the good of the Church.

JOHANNES JÖRGENSEN.

THE WORLD COURT IS NOT A COURT

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor: "The World Court Is Not a Court" is the title of an article by Judge Pierre Crabitès in the October 29 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. As the question of our membership is still before the United States Senate, it may not be amiss to reconsider some of his statements.

After saying that President Hoover, Mr. Elihu Root and the Senate appear to have assumed that the Permanent Court of International Justice is a court, Judge Crabitès declares that it is only a board of partizans, and that the men who sit on it are not judges.

First, he has written his own definition of a court, employing words not used in Bouvier's "Law Dictionary" or other dictionaries (that I have seen). He says: "A court is a forum where an impartial judge or judges pass upon matters in which they have no personal interest." The dictionaries say: "A court is a tribunal duly constituted, and present at a time and place fixed pursuant to law, for the judicial investigation and determination of controversies." The words "impartial judges" never occur in the definitions. By what method can impartiality be tied, sealed and delivered? But the statute of the World Court does say the judges must "possess the qualifications required in their respective countries for appointment to the highest judicial offices."

Judge Crabitès argues that the World Court is not impartial because each contesting nation "has a right to have a representative on the bench before which it appears." The statute never uses the word "representative" in this connection, and guards against it. The statute provides that the court "shall be composed of a body of independent judges elected regardless of their nationality." But in Article 31 it does state that "judges of the nationality of each of the contesting parties shall retain their right to sit in the case before the court."

Furthermore, if the bench includes a judge of the nationality of one of the contesting nations, and not of the other, this other may choose a person to sit as judge, preferably from among persons nominated previously as candidates. This provision also applies to a case where there are no judges of both contesting nations, or "parties."

Is this unfairness? Is this partiality? If you were a Spanish-speaking nation and a litigant, and there were no judge upon the bench who could read for himself the documents you submit, would you not feel yourself at a disadvantage? Add a Spanish-speaking judge, possessing qualifications required for appointment to the highest judicial offices in your own country, and he becomes invaluable to the court as a jurisconsult.

Then Judge Crabitès shifts his ground and points out disapprovingly that there is no provision, in the Senate's reservations to the resolution to join the court, to "assure to the United States a spokesman upon this international court!" In a theoretical case involving the United States and Cuba together on one side against another nation, he criticizes the provision of the statute which says: "Should there be several parties in the same interest, they shall, for the purpose of the preceding provisions, be reckoned as one party only," because if there were no American or Cuban judge on the bench it would be unfair to the United States to have the extra judge to be added a Cuban! He argues that a Cuban judge could not enable the point of view of the Cuban-United States common interest to be fully presented and understood. He neglects to point out that it is the contesting party that selects the extra judge, and it therefore is absurd to talk about an "inside spokesman"—in this case a Cuban—"being forced upon America."

Nowhere in Judge Crabitès's article does he say what rules might have been devised for those that he denounces. There is no word to indicate that he understands the juridical problems on which statesmen have worked for forty years in setting up a court whose litigants are to be not national subjects but sovereign nations!

Judge Crabitès ends his argument by describing the World Court as "basically pernicious." Let me close this with the words of the Chief Justice of the United States, before the American Society of International Law, April 24, 1929:

"Nations that proclaim their desire for peace must of necessity prove their sincerity by providing judicial institutions for the disposition of controversies. . . . What shall be the tribunal? The choice is plainly between arbitrators selected for a particular case or a permanent international court . . . and speaking for myself, in the light of experience, I should rather submit an important cause of the United States to a permanent court of international justice. . . . What court shall it be?

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. . . There is but one—the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague. It has performed its functions successfully for seven years with a gratifying degree of confidence reposed in it, as is shown by the increasing volume of its work. It is idle to suppose that any other Permanent Court (of International Justice) could be established."

It was Major General John F. O'Ryan who once said "Let us wage peace." We cannot do that unless we set up the machinery of peace to function to that end when it is peace we want, and not war. General O'Ryan has headed delegations of the National World Court Committee asking favorable action by the Senate, and that as soon as possible, and he has said:

"No greater contribution to the betterment of business conditions in our own country and throughout the world could be made at this time than by prompt action by our Senate approving our membership in the World Court. Such action would not only substitute the deed for the word in regard to our pacific purposes but would in effect, serve notice throughout the world that the allegiance and moral force of the United States is behind the World Court in the substitution of organized justice for the destruction and havoc of war as a means of settling controversies."

F. L. C. KITCHELT.

SIGNS AND AFFIRMATIONS

Yonkers, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Mr. Rawson L. Wood's criticism of Catholic indifference to social reform should have been more explicit. During the last two decades an ambitious program of social reform sponsored by sociolgists and social workers has been written into the statutes of the different states, and Catholic citizens, Catholic organizations, Catholic legislators, Catholic teachers, and Catholic executives have contributed to the success of this program. Nevertheless, the present depression showed that huge budgets appropriated for departments of public welfare and administered by trained social workers failed to meet the situation adequately, and the agencies for the state were glad to receive aid from the disciples of Saint Francis. Individuals who were forced to ask for charity for the first time in their lives have scant praise for the trained social workers.

For many years the advocates of government control flouted private relief agencies, so it is discouraging to find many of the charges directed against state and city charity funds that were directed against private organizations. In the early nineties the writer recalls reading a paragraph in *McClure's Magazine* in which a reformer expressed impatience with private charity in language very similar to that used by Mr. Wood. The critic expressing disapproval thirty or more years ago said: "Our civilization can be likened to a banquet table spread close to the edge of a cesspool. The innumerable relief agencies fill the rôle of fly-swatters. At best, they can only effect a partial cure. They are salvagers who follow in the wake of human society to pick up the wreckage. What society needs is not so many fly-swatters but the removal of the cesspool."

Does Mr. Wood advocate Socialism or Communism? The correspondent in *McClure's* certainly advocated a change in government. The New York *Times* on Sunday, March 22, carried an illuminating article by Anne O'Hare McCormick covering our economic depression and stating that Fascism or Communism were the only alternatives but the American people would have neither.

Catholics have cause for rejoicing if the American people refuse Communism, even if their adherence to Protestanism

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prompts the rejection. During the thirty years that the writer has been interested in the labor movement she has met many social reformers. A great many of them scorn religion and the form of government under which we live. If by some chance, during a period of panic, this group achieved government control, Catholics would be treated as ruthlessly as they have been in Soviet Russia.

SARA MCPIKE.

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor: The letter of Mr. Rawson L. Wood, jr., "Signs and Affirmations," together with the editorial "Catholics and Social Reform," in THE COMMONWEAL of March 25, helped to make a distinction which interested readers will not fail to appreciate.

Catholics, indeed Americans as a whole, are quite accustomed to relief campaigns and other charitable projects the object of which is to succor the victims of the modern industrial system. They are not, however, as yet in that way of thinking which is the prime requisite of social reform.

The claims of charity are recognized but the pressing need for the application of justice in economic relations addresses itself to American thought in a voice that is strange and even frightening. Americans, including American Catholics, do not seem able to dissociate social-mindedness from Socialism.

As a consequence, there has developed on the part of Catholics, the feeling that so far as industrial problems are concerned, the Church is content (or obliged!) simply to act the part of the Good Samaritan.

That this a misapprehension of the character and function of the Church, as a perfect society, is clear to anyone who is familiar with her real mind as expressed by Leo XIII and by the American bishops.

A great deal of effort is being expended to clarify the minds of American Catholics on this subject as THE COMMONWEAL'S editorial pointed out. And we may be certain that this effort will increase rather than diminish.

I cannot close without taking exception to Mr. Wood's reference to "the social philosophy of the middle ages" which he does not regard very favorably. I will only say that what he himself is evidently determined to defend is, essentially, that same philosophy.

ARTHUR J. LEE.

PROBLEMS OF THE NEGRO

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Father Augustine Walsh's communication in THE COMMONWEAL of April 8 is very interesting. May the present writer make a few observations on the same subject from a purely secular point of view?

It is extremely gratifying to a friend of the Negro race to read your editorial pronouncement, "We believe it a mistake to conceive of, or talk of, a Negro problem." Almost anything can be turned into a problem if one worries about it long enough, and so it has become a habit to speak of the Negro problem. It is altogether a self-imposed white man's problem. The Negro's own problem is that of every other human being, to make a living, and to give his children advantages which the older generation of colored people missed through no fault of their own. In getting these advantages, meaning the education found in books as expounded in public schools, the Negro has lost something of his natural charm. The "uncles" and "aunts," those delightful people, so courteous, so unique, are gone forever. They will never come back, but neither will the picturesque figures from feudalism appear again.

The Negro's problems are the ordinary problems of the man in the street, and he goes on his way happy and good-natured being one of the lucky people who have escaped the blight of Puritanism.

In all thought about the Negro, his history and his destiny, it must be remembered that he was brought to these shores against his will. He came, not for his own advantage as did the white man, but to minister to the greed of another race. Negro Americans are an integral part of the country; they are a living part of the whole and cannot be dissociated from it. They occupy a very useful position in the community and would be much missed if taken out of the social structure. They have aspirations and ambitions. At first these yearnings turned to elementary education only; this thirst satisfied, the talented members of the race are reaching further. They have turned their eyes to the arts, those immemorial consolers of mankind. In an unbelievably short time they have made great progress, witness the colored artists who night after night in the theatre hold highly sophisticated audiences in rapt attention.

Among Americans the Negro alone has made an original contribution to the art of the nation by his music. The musical art of the white American is but a continuation or reflex of the art of Europe. The Negro's religious music has a remarkably deep spiritual quality and racial flavor that cannot be successfully imitated.

In striving for artistic expression, the Negro will find no economic rivalry, no social maladjustment. Art knows no color line. Is it too much to hope that in painting, in literature, in the art of the theatre, above all in music, the Negro race will reach its finest flowering, a flowering that will enrich and beautify the world?

MARY F. MCMULLEN.

AMERICA'S FIRST ITALIAN OPERA

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The title of my article, "America's First Italian Opera," in THE COMMONWEAL of February 25, is rather misleading. It should have been "America's First Season of Italian Opera." New Yorkers were very familiar with the music of Rossini's "Barber of Seville," that chosen for the opening night of the Garcia troupe as the English Ballad Opera Companies had produced it many times in English, since 1812, as well as several other Italian and French operas. In fact long before that, English versions of French and Italian operas by the English Ballad Opera Companies were heard in cities on the Eastern seaboard, in the early decades of the eighteenth century, according to Krehbiel in his "History of Opera in America."

French refugees poured into the states by the thousands after the French Revolution, many fine musicians and singers among them. In June, 1790, at Baltimore, the port of entry, their first attempt in opera was the Italian opera by Pergolese, "Serva padrona," sung in French. In New York, the following autumn, a long list of French operas, together with Pergolese's were produced, this era of French opera ending at Charleston, 1796. The French Opera Company was inferior on the whole to the English Ballad Opera Companies into which it finally merged. Whatever remained of this French element seems to have gone to the founding of permanent French grand opera in New Orleans, a city which in 1800 had 10,000 inhabitants, half Negro, it is said. A counter-revolution in San Domingo, West Indies, was responsible for an added influx of actors and French musicians who aided also in the eventual establishment of French

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opera. The history of early opera in New Orleans is, however, very meager, and it would be very interesting to have the holder of the old program of the "Barber of Seville" enlighten us on this subject. The latter must have been sung in French.

Oscar Sonneck, in his "Early Opera," says: ". . . Unless evidence to the contrary is discovered (which would not surprise me in the least), the year 1825 may still be considered the birthday of Italian opera in Italian in America with the Garcia family at the cradle."

I am indebted to Mr. Meehan and his researches in the Catholic Historical Society for the family history of Dominick Lynch, jr. It sems to me that some of the latter's descendants should present his portrait to the New York Museum. I know, from the "Letters of Washington Irving," that he was having one painted by Benjamin West in London, 1824, and that Irving went along with him for one of his sittings. How splendid it would be to see him restored to some of his original luster, in powdered hair and his picturesque togs—this forgotten leader of New York society, musical leader, and the most fascinating man of his time! We hear too much about Philip Hone, just because he wrote a "Diary." Dominick Lynch did more important things, for art and culture, for charity and religion.

LORNA GILL.

THE PLIGHT OF THE POET

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The Reverend Francis B. Thornton now says that he objects to me because I am a foreigner in America. Why could he not have said so in his first letter, instead of writing all that muddled nonsense about my being a follower of the Chesterbelloc and a detractor of Tennyson?

To go back to his first letter a moment: I am sneered at by him because of my "various manifestations" as poet, lecturer, essayist and biographer. Father Thornton does me injustice. I am also a university professor, a player on the flute, the third best amateur tight-rope walker in the world, and a hammer of humbug.

Why should Father Thornton be so angry merely because I am earning a living in America? I work extremely hard for it in my "various manifestations." If he thinks my work badly done let him say so. Evidently a good many people think I serve a useful enough function and contribute something valuable to American and Catholic life. Otherwise there would be no demand for my services.

Father Thornton should see the implications of his argument. To say, as he does, that Americans pay handsomely for being insulted by visiting foreigners of doubtful celebrity is to accuse Americans of being fools. In any event I am not one of those who have told Americans that they have no manners or art, even if I find some fault with Father Thornton's manifestations in these particulars. I challenge Father Thornton, or anyone else, to say when and where I have been guilty of this charge. On the contrary I put in evidence an article of mine shortly to appear in the *American Mercury*. In this I advance the thesis that American literature is characterized by sensitive delicacy.

Father Thornton is quite entitled to disagree with me over my suggestion about the plight of the poets, or my view that Tennyson (despite much that is glorious in him) is dated, or about anything else. But in that event why could he not have stuck to the point, or even have let us see what his point was? My remark about his lack of intellectual coherence, and his unsatisfactory literary style, is proved by Father Thornton himself in his second letter.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

CHOSEN BY THE CARDINAL HAYES Literature Committee

The Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee recently made up a list of one hundred books selected for recommendation from among the publications of the last six months. Of these, ten were published by Longmans, Green & Co.:

1. DE SOTO AND THE CONQUISTADORES
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2. LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD
   By Giovanni Papini $2.00
3. THE MASTERFUL MONK
   By Owen Francis Dudley $2.00
4. AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY
   By Jacques Maritain $3.00
5. GOD AND INTELLIGENCE IN MODERN PHILOSOPHY
   By Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., L.L.D., D.D., With a preface by Gilbert K. Chesterton $4.00
6. DESIRE OF GOD IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS
   By James E. O'Mahony..... $4.20
7. MYSTERY OF FAITH AND HUMAN OPINION: CONTRASTED AND DEFINED
   By Maurice De La Taille, S.J. $5.00
8. SELECTED WORKS OF RICHARD ROLLE, HERMIT
   Edited by G. C. Heseltine $3.00
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MR. RASKOB'S SUGGESTIONS

Dorchester, Mass.

TO the Editor: Prevention is better than cure. THE COMMONWEAL justly commends Mr. Raskob's suggestions for labor, viz.: first, insurance for old age and unemployment; second, a five-day week without reduction of wages. But such measures are merely palliatives for the existing disorders: the prevention of these disorders is the real job.

The evil is, abnormally congested incomes and wealth. Such wealth and the all too prevalent profligacy attending it provoke radical opposition. Bolshevism would make little progress in the world but for the excesses of that section of capitalism which has earned for itself the name of malefactors of great wealth. Not all wealth, however, is to be so condemned. Material and social well-being needs it.

A wholesome state of society would seem to require some persons of wealth in order that they might devote a goodly proportion thereof for the finer things in life: persons who would give generously for the alleviation of human suffering and for the support and advancement of religion and education, for the development of the arts and sciences.

In the impending world crisis in economics, there may now come to such "good" capital the opportunity to save the institution of private property by compelling the adoption of sound Catholic ethics of production and distribution.

Capital must deal more liberally not only with labor, but also with the consumer, by exacting from the latter not more than the *justum pretium,* the just price, than which nothing seems today further removed from the conscience and even from the consciousness of "big business."

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

CAN GODLESS RUSSIA SUCCEED?

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

TO the Editor: Senator Borah is reported to have said in his last formal address to the Congress of the United States: "Great as are the mistakes of the present government of Russia, it is doing those things which tend to build up a great nation. . . . We may well base our future program on the proposition that they are going to succeed."

I seldom prophesy, but I prophesy now that the present government of Russia is going to fail. Time will tell whether Borah or myself is the truer prophet.

To any other age but the present age, the truth that no nation that denies God can prosper, would be self-evident. A mere casual acquaintance with history shows that powerful nations have been God-fearing nations; and that the degeneration and decay of nations keep step with their lapse into godlessness and immorality. Ancient Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Israel, Persia, Greece, Rome—they all followed the same downward path to the limbo of nations.

Can the present government of Russia succeed? As well ask: Can weeds and nettles cause a standing field of corn to yield a more abundant harvest? Can the touch of fire put a softer bloom upon the rose? Can a lightning bolt clothe a tree in tender foliage? Can the poison of a serpent nourish a suckling child? Can man live by bread alone?

Some excuse could be found for Russia if she had merely disavowed part and lot in the oppressive Greek Church of Russia. But—to employ a phrase illuminating, but rather profane in this connection—Russia has "thrown out the baby with the bath." She has denied the living God, the Rock of the world's salvation.

CHARLES HOOPER.

BOOKS

Christus Vincit Christus Regnat

Ten Medieval Studies, by G. C. Coulton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

The Medieval Scene, by G. C. Coulton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

OF THESE two imported reprints by the great anticlerical and anti-Catholic scholar, the second, intended as a kind of popular hornbook (see Harmsworth's "World History"), though less provocative, is the more interesting. "Ten Medieval Studies" seems to be a rehash in one volume of "Medieval Studies: Series I and II," first published in England several years ago, with the main object, apparently, of driving the late Abbot and Cardinal Gasquet with shame and sorrow to his grave. That Dr. Coulton's aggressive pedantry failed in its purpose one can have no reasonable doubt; when I last saw the cardinal in 1915, he seemed in good health and unimpaired good spirits, and one can safely assume that he died of age or malady, and not in the least from an overdose of Coulton. Nobody, so far as we know, has ever died of that. Unlike most pedants, Dr. Coulton wields a light and pleasing pen whose quill, dripping for the most part, with a remorseles irony, is none the less sometimes amusing in the reading.

Unfortunately for Dr. Coulton, but happily for the faith and Church he attacks, all his learning and even his prose is infected by the fierce Protestant and modernist bias which rules him. This sounds like a paradox, but it is far from being so. At first glance, it would seem that when a man sets out to attack the spirit of an age and the details of an organization, his attack would be sharpened and improved by the very intensity of his hatred. The old-time enemies of the Faith, men of action, and even men of letters, people like Foxe and Knox, really knew how to fight, with the result that they often won. But the Reformation spirit, having ceased with changing times to send out armies of marauding nobles, followed by armies of theologians, has ended by dispatching armies of antiquaries, and these last make a terrible mess of their job.

Froude, for example, while still an undergraduate, was badly bitten by the Oxford or "Catholic" movement in the English Church, the movement in which his dead brother was an impetuous captain. The story of his real neurosis has never been properly written, only that of his nemesis; but the fact remains that after Newman went over to Rome, Froude burned that which he had adored. He detested the entire Catholic Church in theory and practice, reformed and unreformed, and in this mood he wrote his history of the English Reformation. With what result? With the result that every Catholic leader of the sixteenth century is, as old Robespierre would have said, suspect to him; and that every Calvinist and near-Calvinist and anti-papalist is always a potential hero and saint. Michelet, who had wearied of the middle ages which he had loved and understood, did the same thing in France. This strange historical method led Froude into whitewashing such blackguards as Henry VIII and such unmitigated Pecksniffs as Cecil and the Earl of Moray. The Emperor Charles V is about the only Catholic who comes through the Froudian process with a clean bill of health, perhaps because his armies sacked Rome with such exceptional atrocity that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew seems a mere bagatelle in comparison. Nevertheless, Froude was a great scholar, just like Dr. Coulton, though much less ingenuous. The point is that Froude could have attacked the unreformed Church far more effectively had he not hated the

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reformed one with such bitter blindness. He can write good-humoredly enough about Renaissance Pontiffs and prelates like Clement VII and Cardinal Beaton; it is only Reginald Pole and Father Campion and the whole Society of Jesus which stir him almost to madness. That sort of hatred always acts as a blinder, and often as a boomerang. The result of it was that well-informed historians, Freeman and Lang for instance, when they read Froude on the subject of Mary Stuart or Moray, literally rubbed their eyes. Was the man mad? Or merely an awful little liar? Not at all; he was merely an anticlerical. He was Monsieur Homais, the village apothecary, miraculously blessed with infinite industry and a thrillingly fine style. He hated the light because his mind and spirit had been mysteriously and psychopathically darkened. The light was the life of men but the darkness comprehended it not.

There are moments in these two interesting books when Dr. Coulton reminds one of Froude. "These essays," as the publisher says, may be "intended to defend the moderate Anglican position." The voice may be the chaste, academic one of Cambridge; but the essays often seem rather to defend the most bumptious Lollardy, and the voice is that of Mr. John A. Kensit of Ludgate Hill, setting out, at the head of a band of hot gospellers with bad complexions, to sack the nearest ritualist church. Among others is one monstrous inconsistency in these essays. It is a favorite point with Dr. Coulton and his school that the Catholic middle ages were rampant with that Puritanism which the Church later condemned in the persons of Calvin and his followers.

This may or may not be true; it is true that there was a great deal of tolerated freedom of thought and speech in the middle ages, and some of it may well have looked longingly in the direction of a Geneva, as yet without foundations. Yet Dr. Coulton discusses, not without sympathy, a certain popular preacher and revivalist, Bernard of Ratisbon, and we find Father Bernard preaching against the people who teach that "whether a man do well or ill, he must go to hell if hell be appointed for him." That this deadly doctrine was taught in the middle ages is perhaps a credit to the middle ages, considered as a clearing-ground for "free thought"; that it was officially condemned by the everlasting Church is still more a credit to the Church, were Dr. Coulton and his school temperamentally disposed to give the latter any credit whatsoever. There is the same inconsistency in Dr. Coulton's second great card; namely, that the Church, past and present, is as narrowly and ignorantly "fundamentalist," regarding the Holy Scriptures, as a Tennessee circuit-rider. The answer may be found in his own book wherein he quotes Saint Thomas on the Bible, and Saint Thomas, it may be seen, goes just as far toward the liberals and higher critics as any Christian can, and a good deal further than many of them do.

Chesterton in one of his early books mentions a long list of anticlerical volumes like these, attacking the Church from this angle and that, and then at the end, he remarks of them: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Catholic!" Dr. Coulton often makes one feel that way. He is never tired of telling the mediaevalist how much the latter exaggerates the moral beauty of the middle ages, compared to the present. Then when he has done with hurling charters and dictionaries, when momentarily he deserts the parish-registers of Ashby-de-la-Zouch or Whitby-on-the-Wash for the great pages of Saint Thomas, there are discernible behind him the luminous figures of Otto and Sylvester, Hildebrand and Becket, Urban the golden Pope who preached the first Crusade and him who refused to carry a golden crown in the place where His Master had carried one of thorn; and

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NEXT WEEK

The application to present-day American conditions of Pope Leo XIII's encyclical on the condition of labor is developed by the Right Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, D.D., Bishop of Great Falls and Associate Chairman of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, in CATHOLIC INDUSTRIAL PRINCIPLES. . . . THE PASSING OF THE PANIC, by John Carter, is a tempered estimate of the signs of a returning spring-time in the affairs of men and an envisagement of the benefits we may expect from present adversities. . . . PADEREWSKI, by Charles Phillips, gives a touching picture and personal reminsiscences of a great artist and great statesman—one of the truly noblest and greatest men of our times. . . . MUSEUMS AND LITURGICAL ART, by Harry Lorin Binsse, points out the remarkable growth in publically available art in America since the turn of the century and describes especially the new section of the Pennsylvania Museum of Art in Philadelphia which is devoted to works of the middle ages, with some hints of the peculiar richness and strength of the mediaeval manner. . . . THE PROBLEMS OF MEXICO, by William Franklin Sands, is an extremely important and interesting estimate of the symposium recently prepared by Dr. Hubert C. Herring and Miss Katharine Terrill from the proceedings of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America during their 1930 Seminar in Mexico. This vividly reveals the class warfare in Mexico which has led to "one long revolution, growing always in intensity and not yet ended", and the grouping of the opposed forces. . . . Dr. Edward Roberts Moore's series of articles on BIRTH CONTROL will be concluded not next week, but the week following, with a summary of the matters developed so far and of the moral ideals issuing from them.

because of these trees of heaven, blooming in their eternal youth one can scarcely see the wood of the Cross. But it is there all the same.

If there be one thing which marks the identity of the mediaeval Church and the Roman one of today, it is that Christ promised that He would be with them to the consummation of time. Not only was he there in "the lilied squadron of shining confessors," but He is here now in the clean and gentle souls of thousands of priests and nuns, and girls and boys, not merely in the parsonage and the convent, but in the drab business office and the very street. Were men like Froude and Dr. Coulton Catholics, and not merely propagandists and antiquaries, they might have some right to assail the sins and ignorances of the past as did Dante and Chaucer, Gerson and Saint Brigid; and the invective of Messrs. Froude and Coulton is pale and sorry indeed beside that of those great souls. The latter attacked because they loved. They hated, so to speak, where they loved best. But Dr. Coulton only attacks because he hates.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Another Unfinished Symphony

Willa Cather, by René Rapin. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50.

WHILE there may on general principles be some doubt as to the wisdom of publishing critical volumes about writers whose work is still obviously and vitally in the process of becoming—for after the noble surprise of "Death Comes for the Archibishop," whom would dare to prophesy Willa Cather's next step in creation?—there will probably be only one opinion about the success of this particular critique. In fact, Mr. Rapin anticipates even the objection just suggested when he starts off on his analysis with an ironically candid sermon from the text that "contemporary criticism lacks perspective."

His own most extraordinarily does not. He has traced the story of this woman of Irish and Alsatian blood, who grew up in Nebraska and was to come into her own as a writer of American epics, with detachment in his right hand and devotion in his left. It is not less interesting because reminiscent of so many other writers' experience to be told that Willa Cather's early work both in prose and verse was either sentimental or artificial. She herself has said that "one of the few really helpful words" she ever heard from an older artist was when Sarah Orne Jewett remarked, "Of course one day you will write about your own country. In the meantime, get all you can. One must know the world so well before one can know the parish." Miss Cather was at that time an apostle of Henry James and somewhat inclined toward preciosity of style, although constantly haunted and called by the voice of the Northwest. Not until she was thirty-eight did she actually return to "the parish" in her first original novel, "O Pioneers" (1913), described by her biographer as "an imperfect book but a great book," to be followed by such characteristic works—some greater, some still less perfect—as "The Song of the Lark," "My Antonia," "Youth and the Bright Medusa," "Alexander's Bridge," "One of Ours," "A Lost Lady," "The Professor's House" and "Death Comes for the Archbishop." This last Mr. Rapin believes undoubtedly her masterpiece—he can find in it no fault except its somewhat "cumbrous" title, and explains the circumstances of its composition by quoting Miss Cather's letter of November, 1927, to THE COMMONWEAL.

Upon the deeply Catholic sympathies and intuitions evident throughout that spacious and spiritual study of French missionary life in New Mexico, Miss Cather's commentator has

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thrown no further light than has Miss Cather herself. But he finds the world of her books "a well-balanced world for all her glorification of passion and of feeling," and her work increasingly "classical" in its simplicity, its harmony of realism and romanticism, its love of life and respect for truth. One cannot help adding that in Mr. Rapin's own work there is a French sense of balance and clarity. He brings to the study of Willa Cather's books a sympathy, a thoroughness, an insistence upon the best, which may well delight the heart of their maker.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

Story of the Russian Ballet

Theatre Street, by Tamara Karsavina. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

TO THOSE of us at least who were what Karsavina calls "balletomanes," ardent enthusiasts of the Russian ballet, these memoirs written in simple and distinguished prose by one of the greatest artists of our day, are deeply moving.

Theatre Street is the name of the government-maintained school (still in Petrograd), where each aspirant accepted by the official ballet must pass years of arduous training. The discipline is strict, almost conventual. The two sexes meet only at rehearsals, and in ball-room dancing classes. Families are seen only on visiting days and holidays. Thus for ten years, until graduation at eighteen, these children lead a dedicated life. Reading, one gains an understanding of the power-building technique which produced so many fine artists.

Karsavina made her début in 1902.

The second part of the book—full of humorous and tender anecdote, in which her own triumphs and failures are incidental to the current of life and people about her—covers her rise in the Marinsky Theatre from coryphée to ballerina. During this period of progress from "half-unconscious ardor" to what she calls "the lucidity of ripe artistic means," association with Nijinsky, Lovat Fraser and many others, seasons in Italy and Poland, expanding social life, gave her the poise and confidence she needed. She was ready for the great adventure with Diaghileff.

The world outside of Russia owes its contact with the Russian ballet to his genius. With heroic courage, in the face of crushing obstacles, he assembled his celebrated troupe and transported them to Paris in the summer of 1909. Their success was instantaneous. Paris went mad, went Russian, overnight. Karsavina tells us: "Something akin to a miracle happened every night—the stage and the audience trembled in a unison of emotion."

The years with Diaghileff seemed to her a sort of continuation of the miracle. She relates how he utilized and inspired some of the greatest of contemporary painters, musicians and dancers, welding their efforts into an unparalleled art-form which died with his death in 1928.

Karsavina's escape from revolutionary Russia with her English husband and little son closes her story and her career as a dancer.

"Ephemera of a brief summer, great dancers leave no record but a pious legend. Only careful hands can transmit the intangible treasure; only the inspired tend the spark of reminiscence till it flames again." Karsavina wrote these words of appreciation to her teacher. We cannot better express the debt we owe her. Writing in the English she learned during the war, she has transmitted the intangible treasure and recorded for us the pious legend.

DOROTHY BUTLER.

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Aspirants of Parnassus

This Light: An Anthology of Catholic College Verse; edited by the Literary Society of St. Joseph's College Alumnae, Brooklyn. $1.50.

THE EDITORS of St. Joseph's College Alumnae of Brooklyn deserve earnest commendation for this excellent volume of Catholic college verse. They have selected judiciously from the multitudinous pages of current college journals; and the compact yet comprehensive collection acquaints the general reader with the disciplined technique and "temper" of our young singers—young, though I say not fresh, since some of the songs are overtones from their academic readings rather than direct emotions from the experiences of the young writers. They have not had in reality the experience that befits the man in Moira O'Neil's poem, "A Broken Song," to say in deep wistfulness:

"Old is my heart and my voice is still young."

And living in an atmosphere of sweetness and light and courage, or, in a word, in the Faith, they are quite qualified, even though young, to see their life steadily and see it whole; they do not court the gloomy tones of the *mantis kakon,* such as Thomas Gray mused into his "Distant View of Eton College." Being in the abiding principles of art and ethics (let us honestly call it again, the Faith), they have the privilege and indeed the right to vocalize seriously their pretty make-believes and whimsicalities, their lyrical wooing. These young makers of our college verse are serious children in the household of a great tradition, and they are therefore entitled to be confrères to the best moods and modes of Peter Pan: for as the ubiquitously-quoted G.K.C. said, "Peter Pan does not belong to Pan but to Peter."

Surely a wholesome word of *Prosit* should be accorded to these young travelers in Arcady—or shall we term their Parnassus the land of Luthany and the region Elenore, that height of vision to which Francis Thompson calls the poet who would be seer? Let us hope that this *Ave* of young singers in this volume is not likewise a *Vale.* Those who are conversant with our college versifiers and incipient poets since, let us say, the youthful nineties, often wonder what befel the promise of a galaxy of young craftsmen of those years, coworkers with Thomas Walsh and Easby Smith on the *Georgetown College Journal,* with Charles L. O'Donnell on the *Notre Dame Scholastic,* with T. A. Daly and F. P. Donnelly on the *Fordham Monthly,* and with names similarly known on the *Holy Cross Purple.*

The list is larger of those who trained for prose-writing on their college journals, which is an honorable record of achievement, though we have no Canon Sheehan and no Hilaire Belloc, who were young contemporaries in those nineties across the sea. May the 1960's of these young writers exhibit the glorious continuance of their apostleship of the pen, despite the cloying hands of time and carking cares (to echo phrases of young poets) and the materialism of our day and of every day! The singers in this volume are headed toward the upland of Luthany, to quote a verse by Kathleen O'Brien, Nazareth College:

"And youth is gone—and mirth—but that tomorrow
May find you comforted, at close of day,
Dear, I have set a candle in my window
To light your homeward way."

And to quote another verse, written in rhythm and rhyme

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that is admonitory and curative, by Mildred Dowling, Trinity College:

"She loved her body's slender grace
And kept it as a treasure;
To gaze on her own flower-face
Gave her uncounted pleasure,
She loved her mouth, her silken hair,
And never knew till after
That, looking in her selfish eyes,
Love passed her by with laughter.

MICHAEL EARLS.

Behavioristic Babies

The First Year of Life, by Charlotte Buhler. New York: The John Day Company. $3.50.

DR. BUHLER is professor of child psychology in the University of Vienna. The book is a behavioristic study of sixty babies from birth to the age of one year. The method employed was that of uninterrupted systematic observation, whether waking or sleeping, by watchers who relieved each other at eight-hour intervals. As often as a new behavior appeared it was recorded by the stop-watch. These observations comprise the first part of the book; the second half comprises the series of tests and explanations of tests for standardizing infants from two months to two years old. The object, it seems, is not simply to furnish a means of differentiating normal from subnormal children but, where possible, to predict future genius.

The book will probably have more purchasers than readers. While one expects the subject to make stubborn reading, the difficulties of this record consist in fabricated terms and lingual twists rather than in depth of thought. It is also lacking in human interest. Instead of viewing the child as a creature of God, the behaviorist sees it as a mere mechanism that registers impulses from its environment. He is too much taken up with physical facts to obtain a complete view of the whole process, which might endow his researches with human sidelights.

While exponents of the "new" education felicitate themselves on rejecting all guiding principles not conformable to laboratory demonstration, they continually generalize from conclusions based on the narrowest professional ground. Under "Social Approach" we read: "An anti-social behavior, that is, a behavior negatively directed toward the presence of people, does not occur in the first year of life, but does very clearly in the second." If this means that the child does not show timidity toward persons before the age of one year, the error must be plain to anyone acquainted with babies. The subjects of these experiments, however, were confined to their beds in the institution and separated by a considerable distance from each other, so they may not have known the first stirrings of human affection which is the infant's birthright.

There are also such oddities as these: Ten months is "approximately the chimpanzee age." "An adequate idea of the condition intended by the word 'dozing' can be obtained from the text." "Vomiting—an act which must be considered a defense against a material thing—can be observed in newborn babies." "The Relation between Smiling in the Social Situation and Smiling as a General Reaction" given in percent.

The book comprises much that everybody knows and some things that there is small chance to verify. One looks vainly for as much human sympathy as Mr. Hoover compressed into a single reference to the "terrifying energy" of little children.

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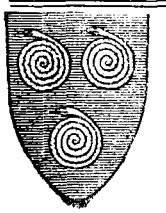

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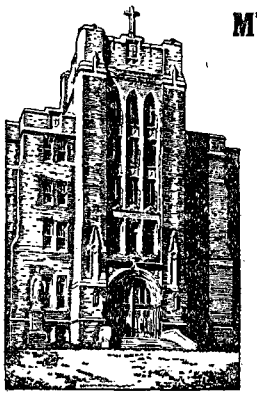

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Briefer Mention

Oklahoma Town, by George Milburn. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

THE INDIVIDUAL sketches which make up this group have already been exclaimed over, with varying intonations of praise, in the several magazines from which they are now reprinted. It cannot be said, on second reading, that the praise was undeserved. Mr. Milburn, who is still, one understands, so young as to invite the adjective "precocious," is a recorder rather than an interpreter; but, for all of that, he is an artist. He is gifted with a swift and simple narrative form and an unmistakable power of selection, which put a curious finish upon each of these impressions of a brutal and decivilized community. Moreover, one does not feel that his range of observation and response is fixed—a limitation that often accompanies a preoccupation with realism, and the early mastery of form. He has humor and, one would say, a real eagerness to see all there is to be seen. These should operate to keep him growing, in spite of the fact that he is already a success among the sophisticated.

The Forge, by T. S. Stribling. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

MR. STRIBLING'S novel, if it lives at all, will do so for much the same reason that old newspaper files live; it is essentially a document, and one of no less than 525 pages. He has chosen a group of northern Alabama people and has taken them through the Civil War and on into the early days of reconstruction. Interesting people they are, but we see only glimpses, as if we were looking back over the years through a telescope at characters which sometimes come in sight in clear focus, but more often appear in a haze: blurred and indistinct. His people are characters from a history book who did things, rather than people evoked by the imaginings of an artist who develops and creates character. They often act without ample motivation; and oftentimes they fail to do things which are more than sufficiently motivated.

Salute to Cyrano, by Paul Feval; translated by Cleveland B. Chase. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

AS LEAD to silver, stands M. Feval's attempt to recapture the glamor, romance and action of Dumas and Rostand to the originals. In "Salute to Cyrano" the author has purloined the heroes and heroines of several masterpieces and set them on strings which move them, like crude marionettes, spasmodically and unconvincingly through a series of events that seldom penetrate far into the probable.

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